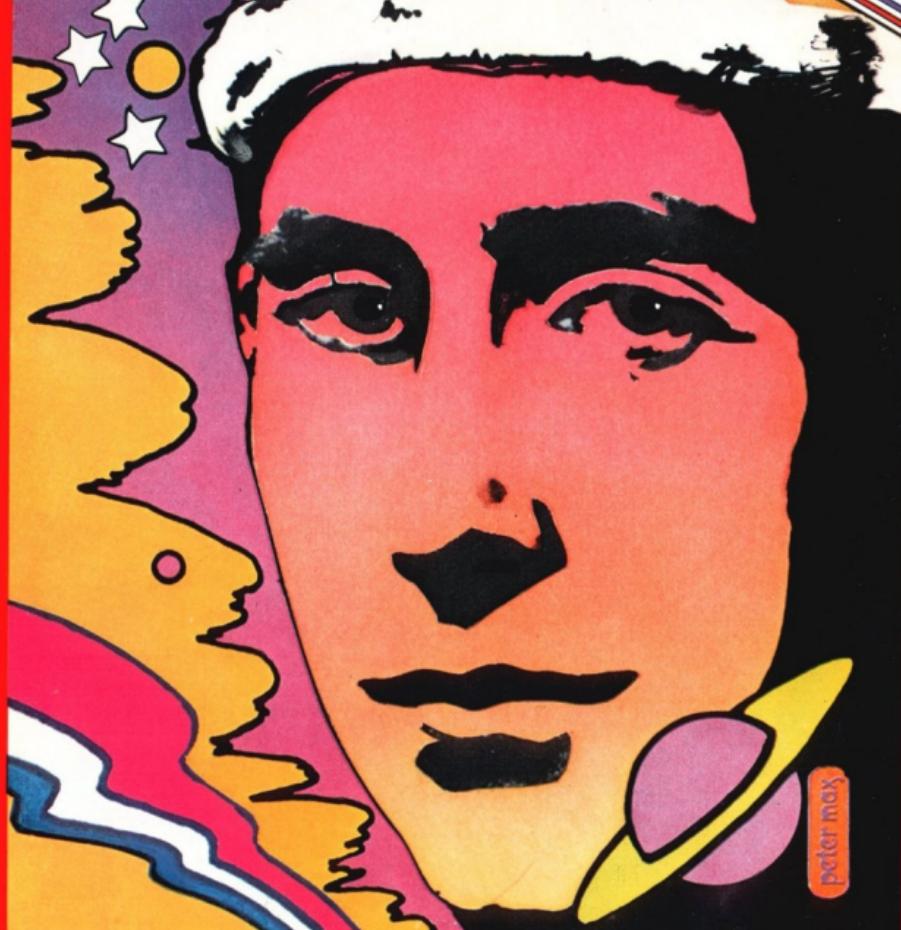


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JUNE 27, 1969

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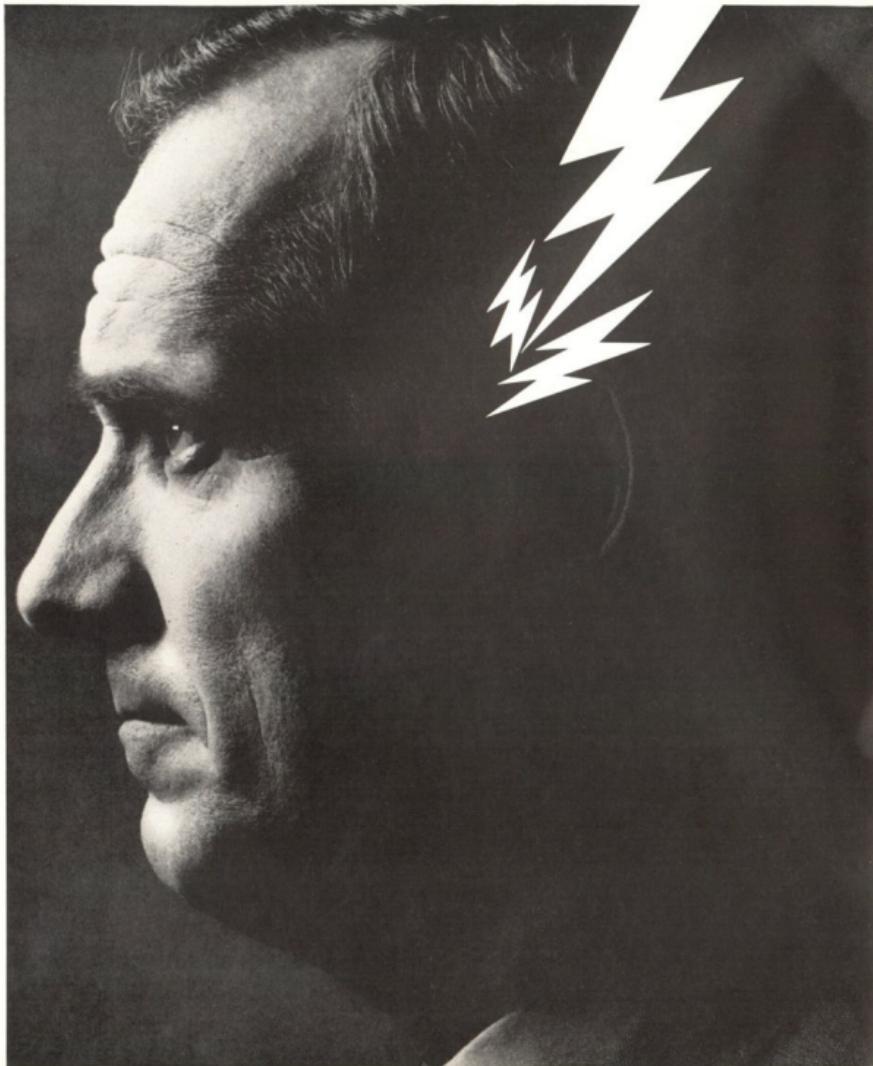
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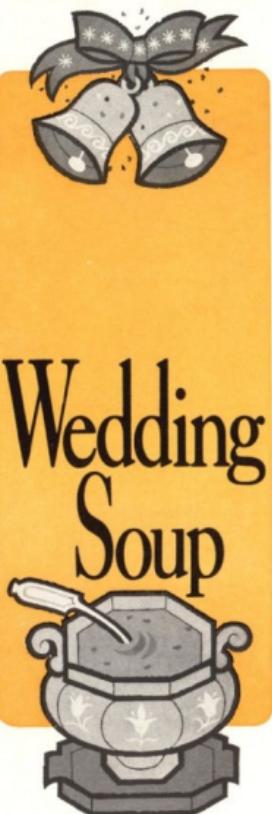
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 25

SPECTRUM (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.). In 1968, five North American scientists received the Nobel Prize in all three science categories—physics, chemistry, and medicine and physiology. In their working environments, "The Prizewinners" talk about their projects.

Thursday, June 26

THE MAMA CASS TELEVISION PROGRAM (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests on Cass's first special are Martin Landau, Barbara Bain, Buddy Hackett, John Sebastian, Mary Travers and Joni Mitchell.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). In his last film, *The Defector* (1966), Montgomery Clift plays an American professor visiting East Germany who gets involved with Roddy McDowall of the CIA and East German Agent Hardy Kruger.

Saturday, June 28

AAU TRACK AND FIELD MEETS (CBS, 4:30-6 p.m.). The National AAU men's championships from Miami. Continued Sunday at the same time.

COACHES' ALL-AMERICA GAME (ABC, 8:30 p.m. to conclusion). Last season's outstanding college-football players, picked by their coaches, display their talents at Atlanta Stadium in Georgia.

Sunday, June 29

U.S. WOMEN'S OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). Final round, live from the course of the Scenic Hills Country Club in Pensacola, Fla.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Stranger Than Science Fiction" illustrates, through science-fiction film clips from the past, that all those wildest dreams (ground-to-air missiles and trips to the moon) came true. Repeat.

SOUNDS OF SUMMER (NET, 8-10 p.m.). Highlights from the fourth annual Memphis Blues Festival, this year celebrating the 150th anniversary of Memphis, featuring country blues, local white blues and jazz musicians. Steve Allen is the program's host.

Monday, June 30

YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). A game show with permanent panelists Peggy Cass, Bill Cullen and Larry Blyden. Première.

THE WARREN YEARS (NET, 9-10:30 p.m.). Marking the end of a 16-year era of change, controversy and revolution in interpretation of the nation's laws, this special takes a look at Earl Warren the man, the record of the Warren Court, its role in society and the other Justices of the Supreme Court.

Tuesday, July 1

TODAY (NBC, 7-11:30 a.m.). Ray Scherer and Barbara Walters at Caernarvon Castle in Wales witness Prince Charles' investiture as Prince of Wales. CBS will cover the same ground with Morley Safer and Winston Burdett (8-11:30 a.m., with highlights broadcast from 10-10:30 p.m.), while ABC's Frank Reynolds and George Watson will cover the ceremonies from 9:30-11 a.m.

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people. And the transformation we've undergone in taking on a great new line of
cars has triggered a lot of new ideas of our own.*

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catch-edged tones build to a bluesy intensity on *Damn If I Know*, and on *Frankestein*, to outright urgency.

JACKIE McLEAN, 'BOUT SOUL (Blue Note). Alto Saxophonist McLean and his sextet spend much of this album on the wavy-out side of traditional harmonic borders, yet their energetic improvisation never quite descends to pandemonium. The group's most piercingly effective exchanges between alto, trumpet, trombone and the rhythm sections take place on *Conversation Point* and *Erdu*. On a track called *Soul*, they lay down a blues background for Poetess Barbara Simmons as she recites her tribute to blackness.

ALBERT AYLER, NEW GRASS (impulse!). Alto Saxophonist Ayler uses a gospel-rock background and a group called The Soul Singers to help him get a mystical word across: "The music I bring to you is of a different dimension in my life, the message one of spiritual love, peace and understanding." The tension of his wavering whines and reedy growls is somewhat dispelled by the propelling, regular beat, making such tunes as *New Generation* and *Everybody's Movin'* an oddly felicitous blend of spiritual and material.

PHAROAH SANDERS, KARMA (impulse!) Sanders reaches to the religions of the Far East for his spiritual overtones, using an assortment of percussion instruments, horns, bells and even incantations. In *The Creator Has a Master Plan*, sensuous, mesmerizing sounds roll over repeated phrases, curling peacefully upward like incense. In *Colors*, Pharoah's tenor saxophone begins a tempest of cries and emphatic screeches that hint at lurking discord in the universe. The harmonious moments of his music, though, far outnumber the discomforting ones, and suggest a passionate belief in man's perfectibility.

CINEMA

THE WILD BUNCH is Director Sam Peckinpah's way of telling the truth while preserving the legend of the West. His bandits, led by William Holden, are drawn by their own peculiar code of honor into a bloody finish that surpasses *Bonnie and Clyde* for violence.

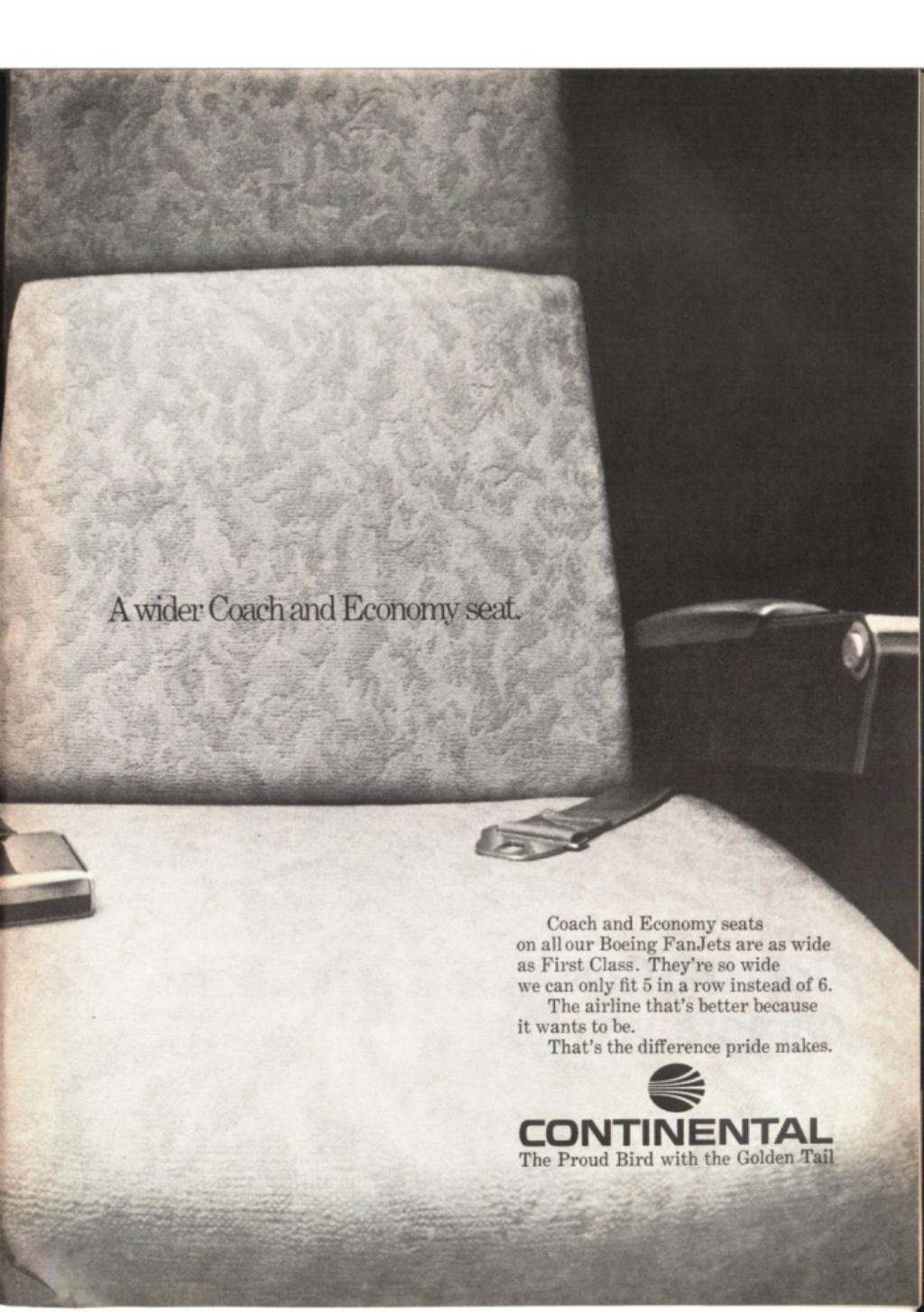
PEOPLE MEET AND SWEET MUSIC FILLS THE HEART. There is welcome relief in this bizarre Danish film satirizing all that explicit cinematic sexuality.

THE LOVES OF ISADORA is distinguished only by Vanessa Redgrave's graceful and majestic performance. The truncated scenario is essentially true to events but essentially false to Isadora, who made them happen.

WINNING. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward give unduly serious attention to this somewhat bathetic tale of marital infidelity, set against the noisy background of auto racing. The Newmans are good to watch in just about anything, but this particular vehicle is badly in need of a dramatic tune-up.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. James Leo Herlihy's novel about the unlikely friendship of a Texas drifter and a Bronx loner has been transformed by Director John Schlesinger (*Darling*) into a portrait of nighttown America that is notable for the acting of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Love is literally blind in this black comedy about a wealthy Englishman (Nicol Williamson) who becomes obsessed with a lascivious movie ushette (Anna Karina). Williamson gives a strong performance as a weak man. The



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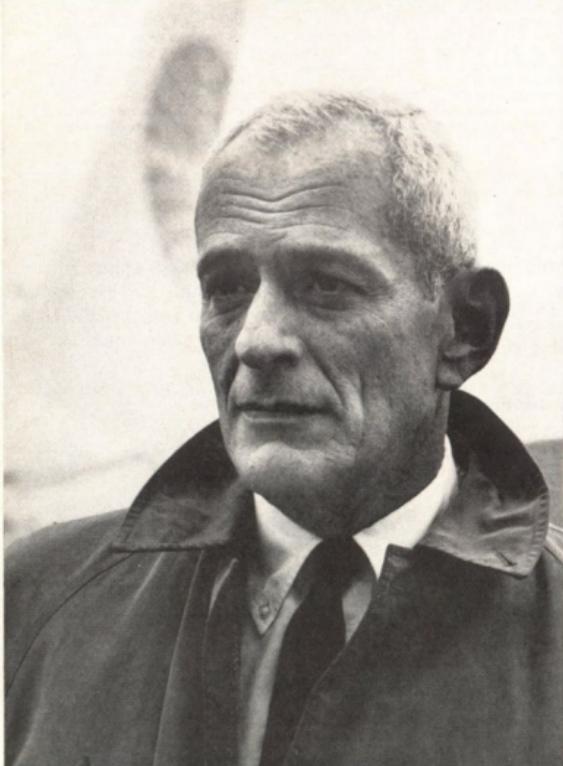
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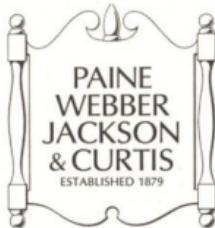


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script—from Vladimir Nabokov's novel—is intelligent, and Tony Richardson's direction is undoubtedly his best since *The Entertainer*.

POP! Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower struggling to get his two sons out of the New York ghetto in this funny, occasionally angry little comedy that is one of the year's most refreshing films.

MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN and **RING OF BRIGHT WATER**. These two children's films are distinguished by their lack of coyness and a singleminded refusal to descend to their audience. *Mountain* concerns a Canadian lad who runs off to the woods, and *Ring* tells the sprightly tale of a London accountant and his pet otter.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. When he wrote *Goodbye, Columbus*, Philip Roth had something more in mind than a story of young love in Jewish suburbia. That, however, is the sum total of this film adaptation, directed by Larry Peerce and nicely acted by Richard Benjamin and a newcomer named Ali MacGraw.

THE FIXER. A persecuted Jewish handyman in turn-of-the-century Russia battles his fate with an intensity that makes this John Frankenheimer film a harrowing and moving experience. Alan Bates (in the title role), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm perform their difficult assignments with fierce passion.

THE ROUND UP AND THE RED AND THE WHITE are two Hungarian movies that share a common loathing for war and a barely controlled hatred for its perpetrators. Miklós Jancsó has created two bitter and handsome films.

BOOKS

Best Reading

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, I THINK, by L. Woiodice. A young couple, expecting a baby, embarks on a seemingly idyllic honeymoon in the Michigan woods and discovers terrors in paradise. A remarkable first novel.

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES, by Jane Jacobs. Operating as curmudgeon and gadfly, but with a love of cities that overshadows mere statistics, the author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* explores the financial aspects of growth and decay in urban centers.

THE RUINED MAP, by Kobo Abé. In this psychological whodunit by one of Japan's finest novelists (*The Woman in the Dunes*, *The Face of Another*), a detective turns a search for a missing husband into a metaphysical quest for his own identity.

ADA, by Vladimir Nabokov. A long, lyrical fairy tale about time, memory and the 83-year-long love affair of a half-sister and a half-brother, by the finest living writer of English fiction.

THE LONDON NOVELS OF COLIN MACINNES (CITY OF SPADES, ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS, MR. LOVE AND JUSTICE). Icy observations and poetic perceptions of the back alleys and subcultures in that pungent city on the Thames.

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN, by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *schlemiel*, but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

THE GUNFIGHTER, by Joseph G. Rosa. A balanced wide-screen view of the often unbalanced men who infested the Wild West.

BULLET PARK, by John Cheever. In his usual setting of uncomfortably comfortable suburbia, Cheever stages the struggle of two men—one mild and monogamous, the other tormented and libertine—over the fate of a boy.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the catastrophic Allied fire-bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, funny and rueful fable has much to say about human cruelty and indifference.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (1)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
4. *Ada*, Nabokov (4)
5. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (9)
6. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (5)
7. *Bullet Park*, Cheever (7)
8. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (6)
9. *Airport*, Hailey (8)
10. *The Vines of Yarabee*, Eden

NONFICTION

1. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (1)
2. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
3. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (3)
4. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (2)
5. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (6)
6. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (9)
7. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (5)
8. *An American Melodrama*, Chester, Hodgson and Page
9. *The Trouble with Lawyers*, Bloom
10. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (10)

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"Investors tend to be doubtful, because what we've seen so far hasn't really produced spectacular changes," comments Continental Bank Vice President Leo C. DeGrijis.

"But I'd say that's because the Japanese are saving the best for last."

Now serving customers in Chicago, DeGrijis was formerly in charge of Continental's branches in Tokyo and Osaka.

Consumer Area Beckons

He says the liberalization program, expected to be completed before 1972, will definitely make it easier for U.S. firms to invest in Japan during the coming decade.

"The biggest opportunity now appears in the consumer field—with 'decontrol' affecting items like hotels,

certain consumer durables, and many food and drink products. Liberalization is also scheduled for scores of other products and services—from scientific instruments to sheet celluloid.

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DeGrijis says Continental assistance is particularly important in Japan to evaluate the new investment rules in proper perspective. And he adds that it is most encouraging that every indication we have now is that the Japanese are, in fact, putting out the welcome mat.

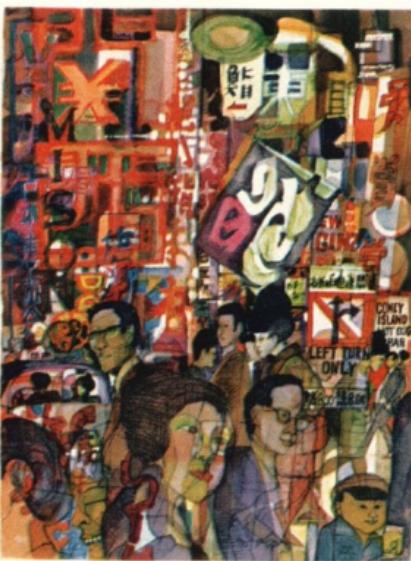
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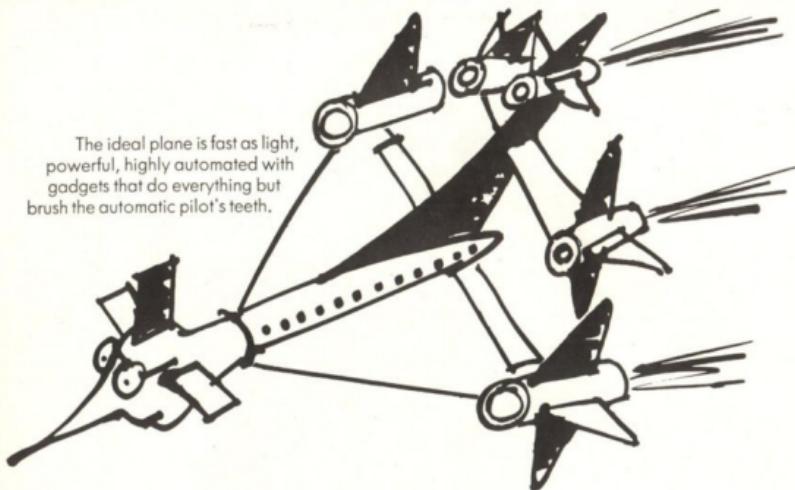
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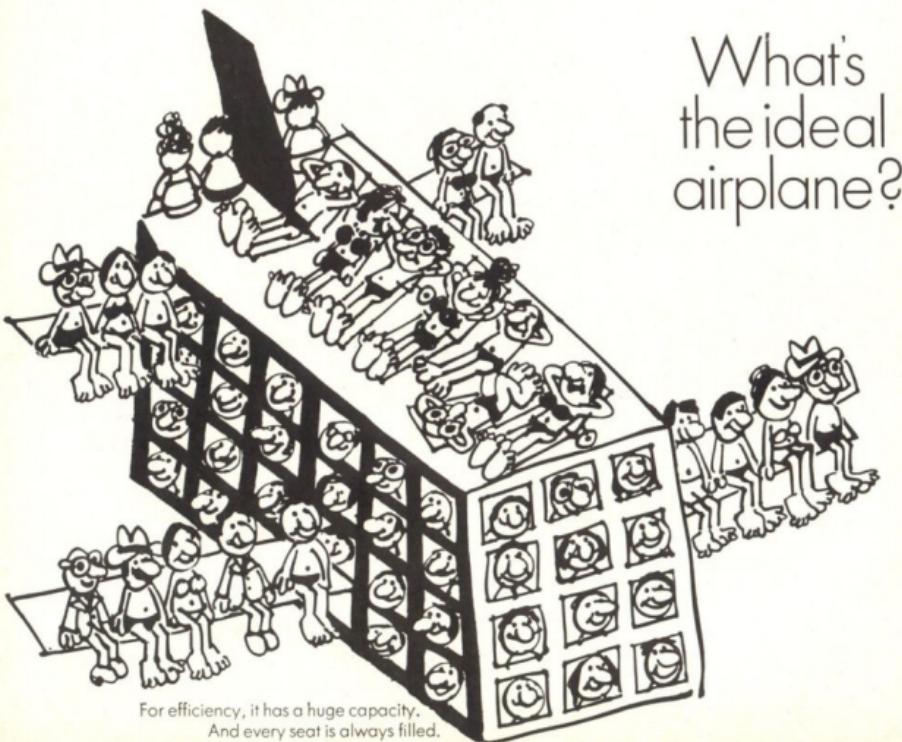


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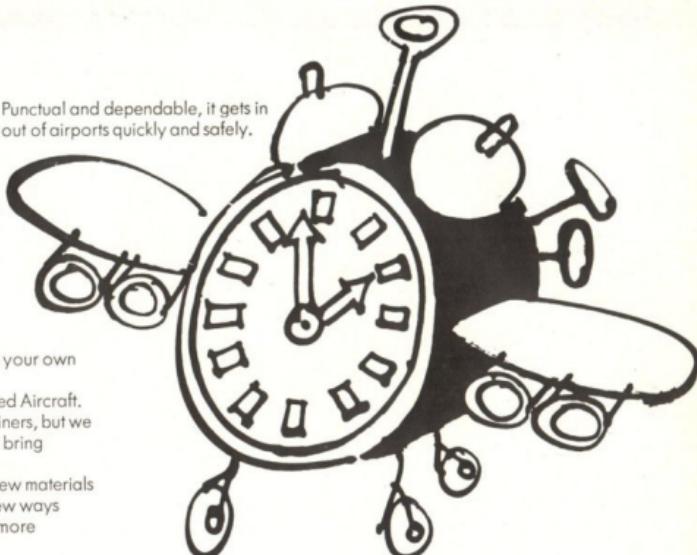
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LETTERS

Neither Cow nor Goat

Sir: You write that Nixon's first aim in making the speech at the Air Force Academy [June 13] was to quiet criticism of the military. I think you've missed the point. Mr. Nixon said very plainly that the military should not be a "sacred cow," but neither should it be a "scapegoat."

He simply asks that people use objective reasoning in criticizing the defense system, and not criticize the military on the emotional basis of reactionary discontent with the deplorable Viet Nam situation. The Defense Department surely needs much reform. But the reforms must be in line with our responsibilities, which, I believe, was the major emphasis of Mr. Nixon's speech.

PHILIP WOLD

West St. Paul, Minn.

Sir: According to the President, an isolationist is against the war in Viet Nam; an isolationist is foolishly alarmed at the billions of dollars being wasted by the Pentagon; an isolationist suggests that perhaps it is better to feed the starving thousands in America than to kill the starving millions elsewhere in the world; an isolationist believes that not everyone in the free world wants the U.S. to play mother hen, a role that we have played miserably since World War II. I guess I'm an isolationist, and proud of it!

MICHAEL D. SCOTT

Torrance, Calif.

Sir: Before President Nixon becomes too upset over the trends toward neo-isolationism that he perceives in this country, maybe he should give cognizance to the fact that the Russians have won their most significant victories by encouraging their foes to overextend themselves.

TONY BUTLER JR.

Houston

Ire Over Eire

Sir: Irishmen have always had cause to be wary of Englishmen who "observe the Irish fondly." Wilfrid Sheed's Essay [June 20] typifies the paternalistic view of Ireland that Englishmen have expressed in varying degrees for more than 800 years.

If one had known nothing about Ireland before reading the article, he would no doubt conclude that Ireland is a land without history, its inhabitants a race of buffoons, redeemed only in part by the efforts of transplanted Englishmen.

In reality, Ireland has a glorious history and its people possess a fighting spir-

it that centuries of unrelenting persecution by Britain could not suppress.

I thought the Essay was slightly less penetrating than the mouse that attempted to fertilize the elephant.

ROBERT B. LYDON

East Norriton, Pa.

Sir: A superficial and burdonsomely clever piece, Ireland's history, or rather the lack of it—with seven prehistoric cyclopean Duns in its Aran Islands and tumuli in the Boyne and the Blackwater valleys that can be compared with only the pyramids of the Pharaohs! Your man is daft. May God have mercy on his soul.

RUTH WILLS SHAW

West Nyack, N.Y.

Pipedream of the Future

Sir: With your superb article on Communism [June 13] came a box dealing with Marx and Marxism that leaves something to be desired.

Marx was not a "sensitive man" but rather arrogant, overbearing, irascible and utterly self-centered. He responded not to change in his time but rather to Hegel's message of worldly redemption, according to which everything eventually would be wholly rational, which he translated into a gospel of revolution.

He did not perceive a "fundamental transformation in the human condition"—for none such has ever occurred—but rather made such a transformation his Prophetic goal.

His "observations about psychological alienation" were meant to apply, not to "a changing society" but to man's existence as far back as the historical record goes: according to him, man had never been at home in the world of human history.

If "the anarchist thrust," as you put it, "leads nowhere," so does Marx's thrust, for his predicted future society, classless and stateless, without law and economic scarcity, free from disharmony and all evil, is no goal but a pipedream.

GERHART NIEMEYER

Professor of Government

University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

Reason to Rap

Sir: We at Harvard New College have to take issue with some of your comments, especially those about the "intellectual hierarchy that is basic to learning" [June 6]. We don't reject that intellectual hierarchy "in effect," as you

said—we reject it explicitly. The intellectual hierarchy stifles creativity; it is hostile to the fresh insights of minds that have not yet been processed in America's academic distillery. In an environment changing so quickly that textbooks become obsolescent before they are printed, the whole idea of teachers pontificating about what they "know" to passive, uncritical students is dangerously archaic.

You later lament that "self-indulgence could turn free universities into a triste of education in which 'raping' replaces research, and reason gives way to sensuality." That's not what we want and we doubt that it will happen. But we would like to include some raping in all research, and we would like to see reason tempered a bit by humankind, if not sensuality. After all, raping had almost nothing to do with the creation of hydrogen bombs and nerve gas—while reason had absolutely nothing to do with the creation (and procreation) of human beings.

SANIEL BONDER, '72

Harvard New College
Cambridge, Mass.

No Way Back

Sir: The holders of masters degrees in business administration who start at a minimum of \$12,500 [June 13] may be glad to work for half of that 20 years from now, if the experience of their elders is any criterion. The crime of American business is that it pays more for a 25-year-old than for a 45-year-old. In fact, not one blue-chip company will even hire anyone over the age of 35.

When we advertise in Los Angeles for a "mature M.B.A.," we get over 200 replies, even though we offer less than \$8,000. These men are not incompetents—they merely missed a connection on the flying trapeze. It doesn't matter how one loses a job after age 35, there is no way back.

A. C. SMITH
President
Architectural Specialties, Inc.
San Francisco

A Certain Smile

Sir: To judge from the article dealing with the work of the British "ethologists" Christopher Brannigan and Dr. David Humphries [June 13], their work is charmingly pointless and absurdly pseudoscientific. They can, of course, make a lifetime out of cataloguing human facial expressions and bodily gestures, even in England. If they run out of material there, they can always shift their attention to Italy, where they could find enough to last through several lifetimes. I perhaps should not say that their work is pointless, for when they have completed the catalogue, a lover who finds his beloved smiling at him mysteriously can look up the smile in the Brannigan-Humphries Ethological Index and know at once that it is smile No. 723 classified as "Elusive Loving Smile."

STANLEY V. LONGMAN

Athens, Ga.

Concentric Circles

Sir: I found the article on violence in the BEHAVIOR section [June 6] thought-provoking. I wonder if the size of a man's "circle of protection" will change as the person who is approaching is changed. To find out, we could start with Psychiatrist Kinzel and then bring on Raquel Welch. This is a fertile field for experimentation.

WARREN N. BAXTER

Orange, Texas

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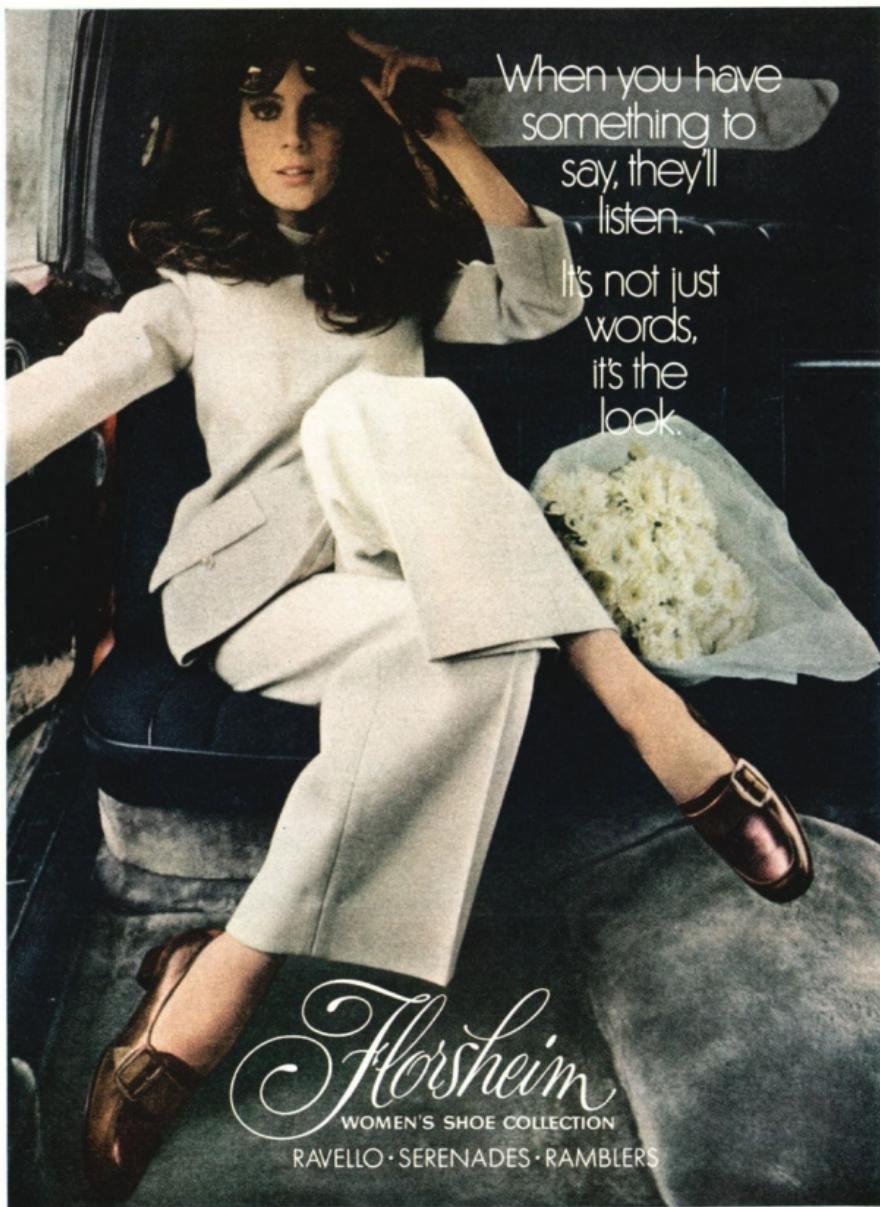
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And while you're watching them, they'll be watching you. Because Brazilians are just as interested in you as you are in them. They want to meet you. And they want you to meet them. Brazilians also want to see that you enjoy their country, hear their music, see their museums and visit their homes. But most of all, they'd like it if you'd become just a little bit Brazilian while you're there. Kind of slow down a bit and have a little more time for people. And for yourself.



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Charles Tanqueray

THE NATION

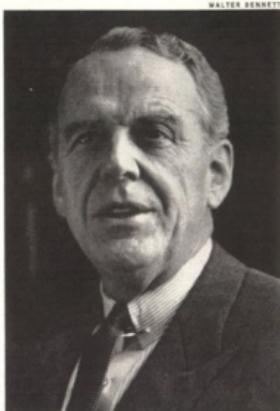
THE VIET NAM TIMETABLE

ONCE Richard Nixon announced his decision to start withdrawing U.S. troops from Viet Nam, the national debate on the war moved quickly to discussion of next steps in U.S. disengagement. The most prominent voice in the argument last week belonged to Clark Clifford, Secretary of Defense in the final ten months of the Johnson Administration. It was Clifford who persuaded Lyndon Johnson to call a partial bombing halt in North Viet Nam last March—a decision that led directly to the opening of negotiations in Paris. Now, in a *Foreign Affairs* article, Clifford proposed that 100,000 U.S. servicemen be pulled out this year and that all American ground-combat forces leave South Viet Nam by the end of 1970.

The President replied sharply and *ad hominem*. While Clifford was at the Pentagon, Nixon observed at his press conference, U.S. casualties were the highest since the war began. All that anyone agreed on in Paris during Clifford's tenure was the "shape of the bargaining table." But then, with what seemed to be uncharacteristic lack of caution, Nixon went Clifford one better on the schedule for troop withdrawal by saying: "I would hope that we could beat Mr. Clifford's timetable." Nixon's aides hastily explained that the President was only expressing a desire and not setting a deadline or making a promise. Some professed to take him more literally. Senator Edward Kennedy said Nixon had made "a definite commitment that ought to be carried out."

Substantial Difference. In some ways, Clifford's position and the Administration's are similar. The White House is already thinking of pulling out a total of 70,000 men from Viet Nam during 1969, a figure not far behind Clifford's 100,000. Further, Nixon and Clifford agree on at least one justification for the reduction. As the quality of South Vietnamese forces improves, they will be able to assume greater responsibility for conducting the war. Beyond that point, however, Clifford and the Administration differ substantially on several premises and conclusions. In essence, Clifford's arguments, and their implications, are these:

► "The world situation has changed dramatically, and American involvement in Viet Nam can and must change with it." Since the major U.S. Viet



WALTER BENNETT

CLARK CLIFFORD

Weighing the odds against the cost.

Nam buildup began in 1965, the U.S.S.R. and China have grown more hostile toward each other; Communists courting Sukarno has been turned out of power in Indonesia; other Asian nations have made great economic gains. The region is now better able to withstand a weakened Communist challenge. ► "South Vietnamese in the various components of the armed forces, with American logistics, air lift and air support, should be able, if they have the will, to prevent the imposition by force of a Hanoi-controlled regime. If they lack a sense or a sufficiency of national purpose, we can never force it on them."

► The best way to induce a settlement is to announce a firm timetable for U.S. withdrawal. With U.S. supporting forces remaining to bolster South Vietnamese troops, "Hanoi's only alternative would be to arrange, tacitly or explicitly, for a mutual withdrawal of all external forces." By showing confidence in Saigon's strength, the U.S. would persuade Hanoi to begin serious negotiations; by demonstrating that its commitment is finite, the U.S. would convince Saigon itself to move more quickly to a political settlement.

► The U.S. has largely achieved its limited aim in Viet Nam, which is "to prevent its subjugation by the North and

to enable the people of South Viet Nam to determine their own future." The U.S. has reached its goal, and now it can make an honorable exit.

Debatable Points. There is widespread though not unanimous agreement that the old domino theory has little relevance in the Southeast Asia of today. Clifford's other points are more debatable. Although the South Vietnamese army is gaining in capability, it is unlikely to be strong enough within the next 18 months to fight the ground war on its own, even with U.S. air support. The contention that Hanoi would have no choice but to match a unilateral U.S. pullout is also questionable; the North Vietnamese might easily decide to wait out the U.S. exodus and then attempt to march on Saigon as the "liberators" of South Viet Nam. The Administration argues that the American pullout is best left flexible and subject to periodic review.

Furthermore, the announcement of a firm deadline for U.S. withdrawal might topple President Nguyen Van Thieu. Clifford evidently would not mind that, particularly since the Communists—at least for the record—keep insisting that they will not agree to a peace settlement while Thieu is in power. Clifford thinks Saigon's future is up to the South Vietnamese alone. "Thieu is none of our business," he has said privately. Nixon, by contrast, went extraordinarily far to back Thieu. "We are not going to accede to the demands of the enemy that we have to dispose of President Thieu before they will talk," said the President. "That would mean a defeat on our part."

In the end, the crucial difference between the two men is this: Nixon apparently believes that his approach, which may require continuing some U.S. ground-force commitment well beyond 1970, could result in salvaging part of the original U.S. goal—a non-Communist government in Saigon, or at least one not completely dominated by Hanoi. Clifford thinks that if the South Vietnamese cannot carry on alone now, they will never be able to. Therefore, it is better to find that out now rather than later, after still more U.S. casualties and expenditure on the war. If South Viet Nam then falls to the Communists, says Clifford, so be it. Ultimately, the U.S. will have to weigh the odds that something can still be

saved in Saigon against the cost—even on Nixon's reduced level—of continued commitment.

Up and Down the Hill. The cost in men, money and national morale seems to be felt even more painfully. To reduce that cost, Clifford and many others want U.S. military pressure in Viet Nam scaled down. Nixon counters, not wholly convincingly, that the level of the fighting is up to the enemy. Nixon also contends that a cease-fire is unenforceable in a guerrilla war unless supervised by outside forces.

The flesh and blood realities behind these arguments are stunningly demonstrated in this week's issue of LIFE which devotes twelve pages to photographs of the 242 Americans killed in a recent week of ordinary combat—a moving presentation of the grim daily price of commitment. That price was also illustrated in Viet Nam itself. Last week Communist prisoners captured in the A Shau Valley reported that North Vietnamese troops had reoccupied Hamburger Hill, taken last month by the 101st Airborne Division and then abandoned after a ten-day assault that cost 84 dead and 480 wounded. The operation seemed futile to many, but U.S. officers defended it: enemy casualties were heavy, they point out, and besides, the 101st never intended to hold the hill indefinitely. The division commander, Major General John M. Wright Jr., announced that if ordered to take the hill again, "I am prepared to commit everything that it takes, up to the entire division, to do the job."

ARMS CONTROL: THE CRITICAL MOMENT

The central fact today in the confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union is that progress in technology has made it both necessary and possible to place restraints on the nuclear-arms race. The technological stars and planets are now in favorable conjunction—and they will not stay that way for long.

LAST week, after months of delay, the U.S. Government began to act on that warning from William C. Foster, head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in the Johnson Administration. For the first time, President Nixon's National Security Council devoted a full session to defining the negotiating positions that the U.S. will take when it discusses possible limits on nuclear weapons with the Soviet Union. A second Security Council meeting is scheduled for this week. The President also announced that, if the Soviets agree on time and place, SALT—the long-awaited strategic arms limitation talks—will begin between July 31 and Aug. 15.

Upset Balance. The risks that William Foster describes are real. Central to them is a frightening new weapon called MIRV, for "multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle" (see box, page 14). MIRV, even more than the antiballistic missile, threatens to upset the uneasy balance of deterrence that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have achieved.

It may also set off a domestic debate that could surpass in fervor the acrimonious ABM dispute.

Both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are already testing multiple missile launchers, although the U.S. is believed to have a wide lead. The Pentagon argues for continuing the tests, and for development of MIRV, on the grounds that the U.S. system is nearly operational and stopping tests would simply give the Russians a chance to catch up. The technical teams at work on MIRV in private industry would have to be disbanded, and they could not be rapidly reassembled in case the U.S.S.R. makes a dramatic breakthrough. On the other hand, the President is under considerable pressure to suspend MIRV tests, thereby demonstrating to the Soviets a deep U.S. commitment to arms control in anticipation of SALT.

Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke last week lined up 39 Senators of both parties as cosponsors of a "sense of the Senate" resolution urging a halt to testing—if the Russians reciprocate. Nixon espoused the Brooke position cautiously, saying that "only in the event that the Soviet Union and we could agree that a moratorium on tests could be mutually beneficial to us, would we be able to agree to do so."

Warhead Nose Count. Unless such a moratorium is agreed to early in SALT, many experts believe, the chance of real progress toward arms limitation is



Viet Nam Toll: Two of twelve pages in LIFE representing one week's dead

small. If both the U.S. and the Soviet Union proceed to MIRV deployment, the ensuing uncertainty would make a freeze on nuclear weaponry almost impossible to achieve. Policing an agreement to regulate the number of warheads installed in missiles would not be feasible. Spy satellites can count launch vehicles, but not their contents. Even an inspector on the ground would have to take a missile nose cone apart and physically count the number of warheads inside. Neither side will readily agree to let the other's technical experts get so close to the business end of its nuclear arsenal. By contrast, enforcing a ban on flight tests would be relatively easy. Each side can observe its rival's launches from a distance.

Further, mutual deterrence would be

put in question. Since MIRV would multiply many times the number of warheads either side could deliver against the other, a thin ABM system like Safeguard would not be sufficient to preserve enough of the defender's missiles to allow him to strike back effectively after a massive surprise attack. Thus, the temptation to deliver a pre-emptive strike in an acute crisis like the Cuban missile confrontation would increase. This new step-up in the arms race,* coupled with the Safeguard ABM, would

* A recent study by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency estimated that the nations of the world have expended more than \$4 trillion on wars and weaponry thus far in the 20th century. At the present rate of increase in military outlays, another \$4 trillion will be spent in the next decade.

cost the U.S. at least \$20 billion and could lead to far vaster expenses if each side continued to expand its arsenal. These huge expenditures would bring no increase in security. More likely, both sides would become more vulnerable to attack.

Even in the absence of immediate new weapons deployments, the business of arms control is tremendously complex. Past agreements, such as the 1963 partial ban on nuclear-test explosions, were reached only after long negotiations and after Moscow and Washington came simultaneously to the conclusion that potential benefits outweighed the risks. Trust between the two nations remains basic and deep. Intelligence experts and strategists deal in short-range "estimates" and long-range "assumptions"

Busload of Megatons

THE standard ballistic missile carries only one nuclear warhead. That has long seemed inefficient to Pentagon planners, considering the huge cost of missiles and the space required to store them. In the early 1960s, they developed the first improvement: a multiple-warhead known as MRV (for Multiple Re-entry Vehicle). It is a relatively crude device that drops unguided from missiles in clusters of three warheads. Some MRVs have been placed on presently operational Polaris missiles. A further and major refinement is MIRV (Multiple Independently Targetable Re-entry Vehicle), which is similar to MRV but has its own propulsion and guidance systems.

Missiles equipped with the MIRV device have been compared to a space bus that travels above the atmosphere emitting warheads over specific targets. MIRVs could be carried only by the next generation of missiles—the Navy's Poseidon and the Air Force's Minuteman III, which will probably be operational within two years. Both have been successfully tested with MIRVs.

► The Minuteman version, with a range of 7,500 miles, carries up to three warheads (each under one megaton) and some chaff that is released to confuse enemy anti-ballistic missile radar. Present plans call for deployment of 500 MIRVed Minuteman III's, in addition to 500 Minuteman II's with single warheads. All would be housed in 90-ft.-deep silos, located at least seven miles apart to prevent an enemy warhead from destroying two sites. ► The Poseidon version can carry up to twelve warheads and has a 2,900-mile range. The Poseidon MIRVs are thus of the "low kiloton" type, designed to be used against cities, while the Minuteman III's might be used to hit the adversary's ICBMs in hardened silos. The Navy has begun to refit two of its Polaris submarines to handle Poseidons. According to present plans, 496 of the 656 missiles now aboard submarines will carry MIRVs.

Accordingly, by the mid-1970s the Navy and Air Force could be capable of launching a total of more than 8,000 warheads, compared with 2,700 presently.

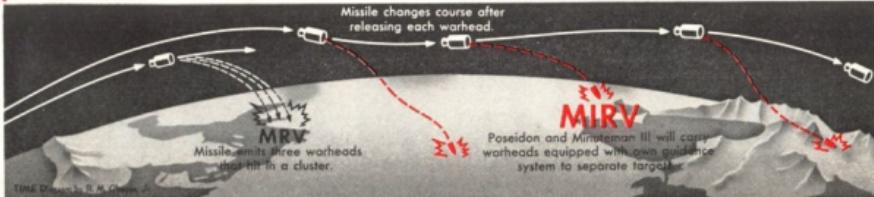
The Russians, meanwhile, have completed a series of multiple-warhead test shots in the Pacific. A U.S. destroyer monitoring the tests reported that the SS-9 missile, which had never before flown more than 3,200 miles, is now capable of reaching most of the U.S. The reconnaissance vessel also learned that before the SS-9 splashed into the Pacific, the missile delivered three separate warheads. Since the SS-9, with a multiple warhead, can carry up to 15 megatons, Defense Department officials warn that it is a serious threat to U.S. missile installations. A five-megaton blast within a mile of a missile silo will destroy it.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird has said that the Russians are not yet capable of launching MIRVs. But in his press conference last week, President Nixon hinted that the Soviets have developed some sort of control system for their MRVs.

Intelligence reports have shown that the SS-9's entry vehicles splashed down in a pattern. That design, when superimposed on a map of U.S. missile sites, was found to coincide with the distribution of ICBM silos. "There isn't any question," Nixon said, "that it is a multiple weapon, and its footprints indicate that it just happens to fall in somewhat the precise area in which our Minuteman silos are located."

The President's "footprint" statement was yet another disclosure of normally secret intelligence material to bolster the chances for approval of the embattled ABM. For the White House regards its Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system as the answer to the presumed Russian MIRV threat. Among his other warnings, Secretary Laird has said that the Russians are developing an ABM system of their own that can "loiter for a period of time until a specific target is selected."

More significant than stray tidbits of security data, of course, are the calculations of just what kind of weapons the Russians will actually build, and in what numbers. On this crucial point, the experts seem to disagree.



on what the other side is doing now and might do later. Military and intelligence professionals tend to be pessimists, and hence hawks. China's nuclear development has added a new factor of uncertainty. Despite these difficulties, both the U.S. and the Soviet Union recognize the immense stakes involved in arms limitations and seem prepared to go ahead.

Slipped Linkage. The President even seems willing to give up, at least for the present, his strategy of using arms talks as a carrot to gain other understandings. Nixon took office believing that the Johnson Administration had mistakenly pursued an arms pact with the U.S.S.R. without regard to basic po-



NIXON GESTURING
Symbolic of the mood . . .

litical conflicts between the two countries. "What I want to do," he told his first presidential press conference, "is to see to it that we have strategic-arms talks in a way and at a time that will promote, if possible, progress on outstanding political problems at the same time in which the U.S. and the Soviet Union, acting together, can serve the cause of peace."

The goal that became known as "linkage" has turned out to be more difficult to achieve than he thought. Nixon hoped to calm the Middle East by working with the Soviets, but last week he admitted: "I see very little defusing." The Russians are evidently content not to have genuine peace between the Arab nations and Israel, but a state of controlled tension. Nixon wanted Moscow to help him get a settlement in Viet Nam by applying pressure on the North Vietnamese. Although the Russians reportedly have tried, Hanoi remains intransigent at the Paris peace talks. He also sought to reopen conversations on the status of Berlin; the Russians have not responded. While the Soviets rejected linkage of all these issues from the start, they have at least sounded eager to pursue an arms agreement. For now, that may have to suffice.

THE IDEOLOGY OF FED-UPNESS

It is not classical conservatism, though high taxes and government spending are involved. It is not simple bigotry, but racial tension is a large part of the equation. Indeed, the political mood of 1969 defies traditional definition. Yet one thing is clear: millions of Americans are prepared to vote their fear and anger rather than their hope and compassion. The words "law and order" have become an irresistible incantation, and what Political Analyst Richard Scammon calls the "anti-dissent" is, for the moment, the strongest political force in the country.

Supposedly the most liberal city in the country, New York, proved susceptible to the chant. Mayor John Lindsay, a progressive who only four years ago was one of the most attractive figures in the Republican Party, lost his party's primary last week to a political nobody, State Senator John Marchi. On the Democratic side, Robert Wagner, Lindsay's predecessor for twelve years, lost to City Comptroller Mario Procaccino, an emotional performer whose politics are not merely old but primordial. Though neither could be called racist or bigot, the victors had based their campaigns on one theme: public apprehension over violence and disorder.

Some Northern Writer. The results, to be sure, were not so conclusive as they had been in the recent mayoral elections in Los Angeles and Minneapolis. Lindsay lost by only 1.5%, and even in defeat had a good chance of re-election in November on the tickets of New York's Liberal Party and his newly formed coalition, tentatively called the Urban Party. Many voters, too, unquestionably felt that they had ample reason, apart from race or ideology, to oppose the mayor on his record, which had had more than its share of disasters. At the same time, more than two-thirds of the Democrats voted for moderates and liberals, but those were split up among four rival candidates in the primary. Procaccino, the one Democratic law-and-order candidate, gained nomination with a bare 33%. A swing of a couple of percentage points the other way—or even the least modicum of unity among the liberals—would have changed the outcome.

Two years ago, black mayoral candidates were elected in Cleveland and Gary, Ind., by small margins while Boston voters chose a moderate over a hard-liner. The shift in popular sentiment has not been overwhelming, but just enough to make the difference.

Still, elections are won by pluralities, as Richard Nixon can testify, and the fact is that today the Marchis and the Procaccinos are in almost every instance beating the Lindsays and the Wagners. "I didn't make this up, now," George Wallace told TIME Correspondent Kenneth Danforth, shortly after the New York election. "Some Northern

writer did. This man wrote that what we're hearing now is 'Wallaceism with a Yankee accent.' That's pretty good, I think."

At his press conference, the President had his own analysis. He enunciated a kind of current ideology in American politics, though it is more emotional than political—an ideology of fed-upness. "This is the message," he said, "that comes through rather loud and clear from these elections: the American people in our cities, in our small towns and in this country are fed up to here with violence and lawlessness. And they

JOHN FISCHETTI—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, FOR TIME



FISCHETTI CARTOON
. . . at every level.

want candidates who will take a strong stand against it." To illustrate what he meant by "up to here," a frequent Nixon expression, the President brought his hand up to his Adam's apple. The gesture symbolized the prevalent mood.

Out of Fashion. Mayoralty contests are not the only signs of change. In Denver, voters defeated, by 2½ to 1, two school board candidates who had advocated bussing to achieve school integration. Local school bond issues are now turned down with regularity, while state legislatures are increasingly chary of spending for social programs. More alarming still is the contagion of fear that drives ordinary citizens to the desperate resort of arming themselves.

Some view the scene with a gloom that approaches despair. John Seigenthaler, editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*, plainly exaggerates when he says: "We are headed toward a police state. We may not arrive there, but that's where we are headed." Those who take Seigenthaler's line, however, overlook the fact that in relation to the more ferocious forms of dissent, the response of authorities generally has been restrained. Jerome Cavanagh, the mayor of Detroit, adds: "People are striking out for simplistic approaches. Any guy

who talks about some of the real problems isn't in fashion today."

Yet the more disturbing answer may be that the malaise has a different origin—the failure of political leaders to talk convincingly about what many people believe are their own real problems. George Wallace demonstrated last year that millions of Americans are deeply dissatisfied with the course of American society. Increasingly there is a realization that the members of the discontented middle, like the blacks, may have good reason for their anger.

Giant Con Game. In recent years, in fact, the people that sociologists call the lower middle class have begun to think that the affluent society is one giant con game. Hardest hit by inflation and the chief victims of rising sales and property taxes, they find their real incomes growing pinched even as officialdom, or so it often seems, tells them that they must do more and more for the poor. The black riots left them angry and bewildered. The student disorders now make them bitter and eager for retaliation. Al Yanco, a small businessman from Bellingham, Wash., muses: "What would happen if all the middle-class people got together and refused to pay taxes until some of this was straightened out? They couldn't put us all in jail."

To Lawrence O'Brien, one of the most astute political minds in Washington, the results of the recent elections are less than shocking. "It's something that has been developing for a long time," he says. "I think you can say of both parties—and of our system of government and politics in general—that we've lost contact with the average American. He is becoming alienated just as other more vocal and visible groups become alienated."

That is a truth that moderate and liberal leaders must recognize. Even so, it is equally true that the "underclass"—the blacks, the Mexican Americans and others—have even more reason to feel left out. They too are fed up, with justice delayed and promises deferred—a fact that Cartoonist John Fischetti expressed in a drawing of an anonymous black imitating the President's "up to here" gesture. Yet viewed rationally, the long-range interests (if not the short-term problems) of the two sides coincide. The slums suffer more from crime and disorder than the suburbs, and blacks, even more than whites, need protection from the lawless. Difficult as it may be for many to believe, the lower middle class and the middle class have as much of a stake as the poor in ending poverty and discrimination.

Reconciliation will probably be the nation's greatest task for decades. The tragic fact of 1969 is that many voters apparently do not recognize the challenge and that so few leaders are able to point it out to them. What is the prognosis? "Only a crazy man would feel very hopeful," says Sociologist David Riesman. "But only a self-indulgent man would give up."

THE CITY

Guerrilla Summer?

After five years of urban disturbances, the U.S. has become inured to grim box scores: the number of people killed, injured and arrested, the dollars lost from looting and arson. Recently, however, there has been a shift toward a different pattern of violence. The old-style, spontaneous and omnidirectional ghetto riots—such as those in Watts, Detroit and Newark—have been declining since 1967. Instead, city after city has seen a series of small-scale, sometimes premeditated and often fatal armed clashes. "Race-related disorders," reports Brandeis University's Lemberg Center for

death for the murder of three policemen and one civilian killed in the gunfight. In recent weeks, there have been shooting incidents involving police and snipers in Cairo, Ill., Portland, Ore., and Sacramento, Calif. Police were attacked by black snipers outside a Detroit church this spring and at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University. In Chicago, two white policemen were fired on after another cop shot a black youth. White toughs who fancy themselves vigilantes add to the unrest by threatening Negroes.

The increased number of attacks have made the police more nervous and more watchful. Police and FBI agents have also counterattacked by raiding militants' headquarters, ostensibly to look for weapons and sometimes to harass the members. Recently there have been forays against Black Panther haunts in Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City and St. Louis. Sacramento police last week stormed Panther offices during a disturbance in which more than 100 shots were fired, wounding 12 cops and at least three other persons.

In Chicago, police relations with the ghetto are extremely tense. Patrol cars roar slum streets with shotgun muzzles visible. As hostility to them rises, police become more prone to overreact, as they did in the Detroit incident, when they invaded the crowded Detroit church, guns blazing, in search of the snipers.

Gang Warfare. Contributing to the mood of apprehension is the continuing problem of almost casual mayhem that police label "gang warfare." Violence among the city poor is neither new nor unique to blacks; even the affluent Mafia still practices assassination. But in the taut atmosphere of today's big city, such killings add to the tension, invite police crackdowns and make for scare headlines. This year alone in Chicago, 33 people have died and 252 have been injured in gang warfare. In Philadelphia, there were 30 such killings in all of 1968, and 24 so far this year.

Warring among black extremists is also becoming more virulent. Rivalry has sprung up over control of territory, recruitment of new members and access to antipoverty grants. Since New Year's, the feud between California's Black Panthers and Ron Karenga's US has left three dead and five wounded. In New York City, where Black Muslims and various splinter organizations compete, a former bodyguard for Malcolm X, Charles 37X Kenyatta, was critically wounded this month. Kenyatta leads the Harlem Mau Maus. Less than



RAIDED PANTHER H.Q. IN SACRAMENTO

A new pattern is emerging.

the Study of Violence, rose from 249 in 1967 to 671 in 1968.

As another summer has arrived, the most ominous fact is that many attacks are now consciously directed against people, not property. Sometimes it is a case of ambushes on police by small groups of black tenement *tireurs*. It is more likely to be a quick-draw response by blacks to what they consider—often with some justice—to be police oppression. Or else it is a shoot-out among militants or street gangs competing for primacy. A few years ago, the latter type of dispute was typically settled by fists and switchblade knives; now firearms are ubiquitous and fashionable.

Mystic Murderer. The pattern began to crystallize last summer, when Cleveland police were lured into an ambush led by Fred (Ahmed) Evans, a black mystic. Last month he was sentenced to

a week later, Kenyatta's friend, Clarence 3X Smith, head of a group called the Five Percenters, was shot down and killed. A suspected Black Panther informer, Alex Rackley, was found tortured and shot to death recently in a Connecticut swamp.

Bloody Momentum. Despite the similarities in style and revolutionary rhetoric found in black militant groups, there is no evidence of a nationwide black conspiracy. Rather, the manifestations of violence are similar from city to city because they stem from similar ghetto causes. Both the ambushes of police and the intercine black warfare have generally sprung from local, isolated circumstances. Black groups, including such ostensibly disciplined outfits as the Panthers, are too fragmented to achieve nationwide coordination even if they wanted to. With some of the best-known militant figures exiled, jailed or dead, there is no national leadership to hold the extremists together.

Also, it is only a tiny minority of the fringe, black and white, that perpetrates violence regularly. Most Negroes are still committed to the American system and striving for a full share of its benefits. Each new criminal incident, however, creates more animosity and hardens extreme attitudes. Each shooting causes more fear and political reaction, or gives new excuse for revenge. There is no tangible sign that U.S. society has yet found a way to reverse this bloody momentum.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Looking After the Hot Dog

Despite reports to the contrary, it is the hot dog, not apple pie, that is the supremely typical American dish. Or at least it used to be, before it fell on evil times. These days, an Agriculture Department hearing was told last week, franks average as much as 32% fat, 11% more than the franks of the '50s. Some go as high as 51%—leading to the question of whether the product should be called a fatterer.

It is clearly an intolerable condition. To set things straight, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, President Nixon's adviser on consumer affairs, proposed a maximum fat limit of 30%. She would also require manufacturers to tell on the label exactly what is inside—something dog-food sellers have long had to do. Often more concerned about industry than the consumer, the department was at first stubborn.

Mrs. Knauer, though, will probably have the last word. Nixon himself telephoned her to express approval. Recalling days long ago, Nixon almost recited an ode to the hot dog. "Stick to your guns, Virginia," he said. "I'm behind you 100%. I came from humble origins. Why, we were raised on hot dogs and hamburgers. We've got to look after the hot dog." It may not have sounded like Keats, but to millions of hot-dog-loving Americans, it undoubtedly sang just as sweetly.

THE SUPREME COURT Challenge to Congress

After weeks of fuming, fretting and fussing over Adam Clayton Powell's stodgy peccadilloes, the House of Representatives voted in 1967 to bar him from his seat. The Congressman from Harlem, who had sat in the House for 22 years, appealed to the federal judiciary for redress. Last week, after rebuffs at the district and appeals levels of the bench, Powell won an unusual victory. The Supreme Court ruled 7 to 1 that the House had acted unconstitutionally in denying him his congressional seat. In so doing, the Court mounted an unprecedented challenge to Congress, boldly declaring that it is the final arbiter of the Constitution.

The Supreme Court's premise was simple enough. Since the Constitution sets as qualifications for admission only age, citizenship and state residence, the House could not add its own standards.



POWELL IN BIMINI
Unpleasant script to contemplate.

Though Congress could expel a member by a two-thirds vote—a procedure spelled out in the Constitution—it could not bar him before he took his seat, as if it were passing an ordinary appropriations measure.

On the surface, the issue now appears academic. Absent for two years and deprived of his seniority and committee chairmanship, Powell nonetheless was re-elected by his Harlem constituents and was admitted last January to the new Congress. There remained, however, the question of \$55,000 in back pay for his uncompleted earlier term. On that hangs potentially one of the gravest clashes between two branches of Government in the nation's modern history.

Vows of Defiance. Far from being chastened by the Court's decision, many members of the House, including most of the leaders of both parties, were defiant. They vowed not to give Powell a penny of back pay—ever. Many of those who opposed the original vote to exclude him were angry, convinced that it was the Court that had acted unconstitutionally in telling Congress what

to do. There was concern that if the decision stuck, the Court would be free to intervene in other Congressional practices, such as the seniority system.

Some recalled the famous statement of Andrew Jackson about an edict by the court of Chief Justice John Marshall: "Mr. Marshall has made his decision. Now let him enforce it." Others, like Speaker John McCormack, who was a defendant in the case before the Supreme Court, felt the situation too serious for excited rhetoric.

If Powell chooses to drop the case, satisfying himself with moral vindication, the issue will drop as well. If he demands his back pay, a process that will oblige him to go through lower courts, perhaps over a period of months, the potential conflict will become fact. What if the Supreme Court ultimately ordered the House to pay and the House refused to comply? No one knows exactly, but the script is not pleasant to contemplate. In the most extreme scenario, federal marshals could be ordered to arrest the paymaster of the House, and the House could retaliate by impeaching the Justices themselves. Even if nothing happened—leaving the Court's order, unenforced, hanging in limbo—the situation would be serious enough. The example of the House blatantly refusing to obey an order of the highest court in the land would undermine the Court's moral suasion.

The case was full of precedents, oddities and ironies. One of the greatest of each was the fact that Chief Justice Earl Warren, who wrote the decision, in effect overruled his successor, Warren Burger. Seeking to avoid just such a confrontation with Congress, Burger had written the appellate court's decision that threw out Powell's case last year on the grounds that the courts had no right to interfere with the internal workings of Congress. Warren, on the other hand, took the view that the Supreme Court had not only the right, but the duty, to correct an unconstitutional abuse by a coequal body.

Statesman's Pose. Opinion in Washington varied as to the merit of Powell's case and the wisdom of the Court's ruling, but there was general regret that the matter had gone so far. The hope was that some face-saving legal compromise could be made or that Powell would decide to let things rest and not demand his missing paychecks.

That possibility is not so unlikely. Interviewed in Bimini, the seat that he really prefers, Powell was unusually subdued. For the time being, at least, he affected the role of statesman. His pay and his seniority, he said, were subsidiary points. What mattered was that the Supreme Court had been established as a true equal of Congress. "Adam Pow-

ell doesn't matter," he said. "Adam Powell is a secondary consideration. I would say that it's a victory for the American people." Powell's next move may determine whether that "victory" will be pyrrhic, leading to a confrontation between the Supreme Court and Congress.

DEMOCRATS

Reform or Die

Following his unsuccessful bid for the presidential nomination last year, South Dakota's Senator George McGovern won praise from fellow Democrats by endorsing and campaigning for Hubert Humphrey. Since then, however, kudos has turned to condemnation, gratitude to distrust. Powerful Southern Democrats have accused McGovern of trying to "ram proportional representation" down their throats. Northern machine bosses have accused him of widening, rather than closing, the splits

this." Democratic National Committee man J. Marshall Brown of Louisiana was so infuriated at the commission's plans that he "ordered" McGovern to stay out of his state and sent Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris a letter suggesting that he resign. Humphrey himself wrote to tell Brown that his concern was shared by others.

Governor Lester Maddox and party officials of five Southern states boycotted last week's Atlanta hearings, leaving the group to talk only with dissidents who have used the hearing as a sort of political laundry to wash the party's dirty linen publicly.

McGovern once considered resigning, but remained on the job because he believes that only a truly democratic party offers young activists "a hopeful alternative to going to the streets." He readily admits that the commission offended some leaders, but argues that the party's shortcomings are too im-

MARION CROWE—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

LABOR Breakthrough for La Huelga

Nearly four years ago, Cesar Chavez called *la huelga*—the strike—against many of California's growers of table grapes, seeking to gain for farm laborers the same rights of union recognition and collective bargaining that industrial workers have long enjoyed. Success at first was minimal. Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee won few contracts with table-grape growers; three of them have subsequently sold out their table-grape vineyards. In 1968, the union called for a nationwide boycott of California grapes, deepening the hostility between union and growers into seemingly hopeless stalemate.

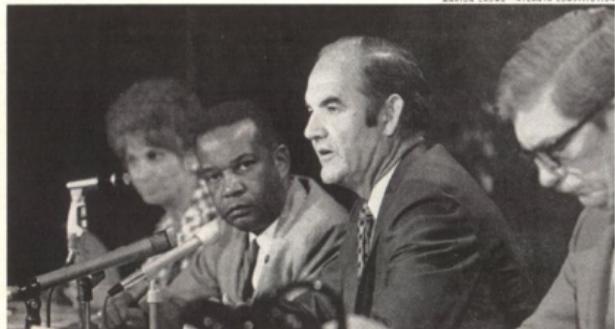
Now, after more than a month of secret meetings, a major—and unexpected—breakthrough is in progress. Ten growers representing about 25% of California's table-grape production have announced their willingness to negotiate with Chavez. One farm workers' organizer said: "It's so beautiful I can hardly believe it." The union quickly agreed to talk. Last week, at the request of both sides, the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service consented to help the parties come to terms, and negotiations began in Los Angeles.

Unmoral and Un-American. The boycott had been the decisive lever. Lionel Steinberg, co-chairman of the growers' group, admitted: "We are definitely hurting. It is costing us more to produce and sell our grapes than we are getting for them." Despite unusually large purchases by the Department of Defense, which Chavez's backers have hotly criticized, reduced consumer demand has caused prices to fall as much as 15%.

The union's assistant director, Larry Itliong, predicted that the men who had offered to negotiate "will be subject to scorn from certain growers who are determined to destroy the union at all costs." Indeed, Jack Pandol of Delano, where the strike began, reiterated a familiar argument that Chavez's union does not represent all of the workers in the vineyards. To "sell the workers against their will," he said, is "unmoral, un-Christian and un-American."

Jack Baillie, head of the Perishable Agricultural Commodities Corp., an organization representing major California fruit and vegetable growers, denounced the ten who agreed to negotiate. Baillie said that nothing should be done until Congress sets up machinery enabling agricultural workers to choose which union, if any, is to represent them.

Guimarras Vineyards Corp., the state's largest table-grape producer with 10% of the crop, also continues to oppose negotiations adamantly, along with many smaller operators. But the union, buoyed by its initial success, is equally determined. Says Union Counsel Jerome Cohen: "We're not going to let up an inch until we have a contract with every single grower in California." Meanwhile, *la huelga* and *el boicoteo* will continue.



SENATOR McGOVERN (CENTER) AT ATLANTA HEARINGS
Almost as divisive as the convention itself.

within Democratic ranks. Even such liberal stalwarts as Edward Kennedy and Edmund Muskie are keeping him at arm's length.

The reason for the sudden decline in popularity is McGovern's chairmanship of a special commission investigating—and finding—abuses in the selection of convention delegates. Born of the Chicago convention's tumult and disillusionment, the commission was set up by the party leadership as a sop to the liberals. McGovern was named chairman as a compromise between extreme dissidents and regulars. But his way of running the commission has turned out to be almost as divisive as the convention itself and the Viet Nam issue.

Political Laundry. The McGovern group has angered local party chieftains by its failure to follow protocol in notifying them when it was holding hearings in their states and by its determination to change undemocratic processes of delegate selection. Texas' Governor Preston Smith, incensed when he learned from newspaper articles that McGovern was coming to Austin, fumed, "This is an absurd way of going about

portant to ignore. His findings, though unsurprising, bear him out.

In Georgia, the governor and the state chairman pick convention delegates themselves. In Illinois, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley decides who shall be "elected" and how they shall vote. In other states, precinct caucuses are held without public notice. In Copiah, Miss., a fictitious name was placed on the delegate list.

Limited Confidence. To remedy these abuses, McGovern's commission will suggest popular election of delegates in states that hold primary elections and open-party caucuses in states that do not. Will he succeed? McGovern observes that when a "party faces the choice of reform or death, it usually chooses death," but insists that the Democrats will be different. Ninety percent of the states, he predicts, "will comply." Few share his confidence. The commission's report must be submitted to the 1972 convention for party approval, and many of the delegates, selected under the existing processes, are likely to feel a certain reverence for the system that chose them.

THE CONGRESS

Progress on Inflation

In his effort to check inflation, Richard Nixon has relied heavily on the extension of the \$8 billion-a-year income tax surcharge to reduce the economy's fever. Last week, assured by House leaders that the surtax would be continued into the fiscal year beginning July 1, the President confidently predicted that its impact—and that of other fiscal measures—would be felt in "two or three months." If it is not, he warned, more stringent action will be necessary.

What gave Nixon his confidence was the decision by the House Ways and Means Committee to report out the bill exactly as he had requested—extending the surtax at its present 10% rate for six months and continuing it for another half-year at 5%. The bill also eliminates the 7% tax credit for business investment. The committee vote of 16 to 9 was the result of prodding by Chairman Wilbur Mills, a Democrat, some nudging by John Byrnes, the ranking Republican, and a last-minute thrust by the President himself. Nixon sent Treasury Secretary David Kennedy and Paul McCracken, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, out to warn the public of the perils that would result if Congress continued its inaction on inflation.

Outmaneuvered Opposition. The committee's approval caught the surtax's opponents by surprise. Some conservatives who oppose high taxation and spending were disarmed by the bill's bipartisan support and by the nation's growing concern about inflation. Liberals, who proposed to support the bill only in exchange for broad reform of the tax structure, were also outmaneuvered. To minimize their resistance, the committee added a provision reducing or eliminating the federal taxes of 13 million low-income people—a feature the liberals could hardly oppose. To ease the reformers' consciences further, Mills pledged a major tax-revision program by year's end. This compromise, originally suggested by Nixon, will cost the Treasury an estimated \$625 million a year. The elimination of the investment credit will offset that by bringing in \$1.5 billion a year.

The bill now goes to the House Rules Committee, which seems likely to grant Mills' request that debate be limited to four hours and that no amendments be allowed. From there, it will go to the full House, where Mills and Byrnes are certain of passage this week. In fact, Mills is so sure of his votes that he did not even bother to take his usual meticulous head count.

Such confidence is justified. Inflation has reached the point where many Congressmen feel that a vote against the President will be tantamount to a vote for higher prices and interest rates. Says Mills: "The House rises and discharges its responsibilities when it has to, and this is an emergency."

THE FIRST LADY

Boosting Volunteerism

The post carries no official duties, no statutory powers and no salary, but the First Ladyship of the U.S. can be a singularly influential position for women of drive and grace. After years of being uncharitably meowed at by Washington gossips as stiff and unsophisticated, Pat Nixon last week showed that she could master the job.

On a four-day journey to publicize ten volunteer self-help projects on the West Coast, her first official solo trip since Inauguration Day, Mrs. Nixon was a model of warmth and graciousness—flashing her smile and her topaz brown eyes at shy children, embracing self-conscious elderly women, and offering her hand to hesitant black men. She

WALTER BENNETT



PAT NIXON WITH JULIE AT FOUNDATION FOR JUNIOR BLIND
With a smile, a tickle and a little body English.

coolly endured heckling at one stop, seemed oblivious to the herd of newsmen pursuing her along her 6,000-mile itinerary, and gratified anxious project directors with her insatiable curiosity—and her ability to attract publicity.

Hostile Confetti. The journey was undertaken to boost "vest pockets of volunteerism," which Mrs. Nixon describes as "those small, splendid efforts of dedicated people that the President spoke about in his Inaugural Address." The cause promises to be for her what national beautification was for Lady Bird Johnson. "I want to make volunteerism the In thing to do," she told a group in Los Angeles. "I think this is the answer to our problems here in America."

Though the reception was cordial in most places, the First Lady was deluged with hostile confetti at a social service center in Portland, Ore. Each scrap of paper was imprinted: "If this was napalm, you would be dead." This greeting, planned by a protest group that

has offices in the same building, was accompanied by banners and placards taunting her about Viet Nam and hunger. As Pat gamely launched into her speech, seven barefoot girls in black burst into the hall and chanted an antiwar hex on her in crude doggerel.

For the Duration. At a ghetto garden in Portland that helps feed some 300 people, she cooed over a twelve-year-old farmer's collard greens and admitted that if she lived there, "I would be out every day with my little hoe—gardening is my favorite hobby." She tickled a toddler at a day care facility for children of farm laborers in Forest Grove, Ore. She encouraged teen-age weight lifters at a community center near the Watts ghetto with a little of her own body English.

At a foundation for blind children in Los Angeles, she and her traveling

companion, Daughter Julie Eisenhower, were brought to tears by scenes the children put on from *The Sound of Music*. "That's the real story here today," Pat said. "These children are really learning to enjoy life."

Her cause, the recruitment of "millions more" for volunteer social action without benefit of massive federal funding, may prove difficult. There is, indeed, a strong impulse among Americans for volunteer work. But the impulse is inhibited by the notion that the individual is powerless to change things and by the fact that in today's big, anonymous urban areas, one does not know—or does not trust—those who need help. At any rate, the First Lady proclaimed herself in service for the duration: "I really want to work. I don't want just to lend my name." Pleased with the results of her first trip, she announced a fall campus tour. What about student protesters? Said Pat: "I'm not afraid of anything."

THE DILEMMA OF CHEMICAL WARFARE

THE dark side of progress is man's spectacular skill at devising better and better ways to kill other men. The nuclear bomb, unfortunately, is not the end of it. There is also chemical and biological warfare, known as CBW, a fount of doomsday weapons that the U.S. and Russia have been rapidly developing. Until recently, the duality of Congress toward Pentagon planning forestalled any real review of the hush-hush CBW program with its secret appropriations. Now, prompted by press reports and rumors, emboldened by the general concern over U.S. military policy, congressional investigators are demanding answers from the Pentagon. Why, in the nuclear age, does the U.S. also need chemical and biological weapons? How much is enough?

In part, the issue was forced into the open by the Army's plans to send approximately 809 carloads of obsolete poison gas cross-country for disposal in the Atlantic Ocean. After a public outcry, congressional critics succeeded in halting the shipment, pending a study of alternative means of destroying or detoxifying the agent. While the immediate concern is the danger of transporting a deadly commodity by rail at a time when freight derailments are on the increase, the incident served to dramatize far more basic doubts about chemical and biological weapons. Last week President Nixon ordered a thorough review of the program by the State Department, Defense Department and Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

Chemical and biological warfare has had a long and lethal history in the U.S. In 1763, General Jeffrey Amherst, the British troop commander in the colonies, sent smallpox-infected blankets to the Indians. During the Civil War, both sides poisoned wells, a tactic almost as old as war itself. American doughboys were sprayed with poison gas by the Germans in World War I—and sprayed them right back. Since then, even during the mass killings in World War II, the U.S. has never used deadly CBW weapons except for incendiaries. Even so, experimentation and stockpiling have continued apace. The U.S. is spending at least \$350 million this year on the CBW program, seven times its budget of the 1950s.

Anthrax on the Shelf

In recent months, the nature of the arcane arsenal's components has gradually been revealed. In the chemical-warfare category, one of the most lethal gases is Sarin (GB), which in heavy vapor doses attacks the victim's nervous system and reduces him to a convulsive mass before death occurs. Fifteen years ago, the commanding officer of the Army's Rocky Mountain Arsenal estimated that a single drop of the nerve gas in liquid form on the back of a man's hand could kill him in 30 seconds. Sarin has been improved since then. The Army also stocks mustard gas, a blistering agent that burns the skin and was widely used in World War I, plus such familiar riot-control agents as vomit gases, tear gas and its stronger version, CS. Also kept on hand for experimentation are small quantities of incapacitating gases designed to interfere temporarily with mental processes but not to kill.

In its major biological-warfare center at Fort Detrick, Md., the Army is experimenting with diseases that include undulant fever, coccidioidomycosis (a fungus infection), Rocky Mountain spotted fever and various strains of encephalitis, botulism, cholera, glanders and pneumonic plague. The major biological agents that the Army "keeps on the shelf" ready for use are anthrax, Q-fever, tularemia (rabbit fever) and psittacosis (parrot fever). Stored in sod-covered, concrete "igloos" at the Army's Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas, they are kept in constant cy-

cles of development, production, storage, elimination and replacement. The quantities now on hand are said to be modest, but the Army has ample resources for fast mass production whenever the need arises.

Several of the Army's six major CBW installations have almost pastoral settings where game abounds and Boy Scouts come to camp and hike. The serene surroundings belie the research being conducted at these sites. At Fort Detrick, diseases are developed in laboratories with long stainless-steel and sealed-glass cabinets, many bearing stenciled nicknames like "African Queen" and "Tribulation Row." Fertilized eggs enter the labs in compartmented trays and move through the cabinets on conveyor belts. As they pass, the eggs are infected by lab technicians working through the cabinet walls with heavy rubber gloves and hypodermic needles. Sample eggs are then candled to determine whether the agent is properly infecting the embryos. After a brief stay in incubators, the eggs are broken, and the toxic product is separated from the embryo and put into a centrifuge to eliminate impurities. Some of the processed material is used for test purposes. The remainder is frozen into pellets and hermetically sealed in containers for shipment. In other areas of Fort Detrick, animals and human volunteers (prison inmates and conscientious objectors) are used to test the efficacy of the plant's products.

Strangelovian Virtues

From a purely military standpoint, chemical and biological weapons have unique capabilities. They can be dispersed locally by hand grenades and land mines, or over broad areas with artillery shells, mortar rounds, bombs, airborne aerosols or even missiles like the Army's Sergeant. They constitute great offensive power that can be produced at relatively low cost. They are "search" weapons that seek out the enemy, even in his deepest bunkers, without destroying buildings or installations. In addition to those designed to kill, some agents can be used merely to disable.

Aside from these Strangelovian virtues, the weapons present a major problem of control. A 1968 test of nerve gas at the gigantic Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah went awry when an airborne aerosol device failed to shut off, and winds spread the deadly agent some 30 miles past the target area, killing 6,000 sheep. Germs may be so potent and long-lasting as to threaten indefinite overkill. During World War II, the British infected Gruinard Island in the North Atlantic to test anthrax, an often fatal disease. The anthrax spores remain virulent to this day; experts say that the island is still uninhabitable, and will probably remain so for 100 years. Controlling germs and gases, even inside laboratories and plants can prove difficult. Even so, the overall safety records of such facilities far surpass those of civilian industries and highways. In 26 years of biological experimentation at Fort Detrick, there have been 420 accidental infections, resulting in only three deaths.

The Pentagon's chief rationale for the CBW program is that the Russians are heavily engaged in the same thing—probably more so than the U.S.—and that the U.S. cannot allow a gas and pestilence gap to develop. Says Dr. John S. Foster Jr., the Pentagon's director of research and engineering: "There are technical uncertainties about the effects of biological weapons, but this does not reduce the vulnerability of the U.S. to them. Until such time as it can be proved that they are of little value to any nation, if that is indeed the case, or until reliable, mutual arms-control agreements are reached, it would be imprudent to dismiss them lightly."



SHEEP KILLED BY NERVE GAS IN UTAH

Defenders of the program maintain that the major U.S. effort in the field is defensive rather than offensive, geared to the development of protections against whatever chemical or biological weapons an enemy might employ. In this sense, they argue, the U.S. must sometimes create the weapons in order to learn how to counter them. A sub-argument (a familiar, often valid Pentagon reflex) is that military R & D can be beneficial as well as baneful. Indeed, research at Fort Detrick and the other laboratories has yielded considerable contributions to medicine and microbiology. Detrick's scientists, for example, have helped to create disease-resisting rice. Their studies have led them to develop vaccines and toxoids, notably against rinderpest and anthrax.

Unfortunately, the line between defensive and offensive purposes in CBW research is sometimes difficult to determine. The distinction is clear enough when "defensive" means development of a new gas mask or vaccine, or when "offensive" means devising a new nerve gas. But the development of even defensive measures demands basic research that, once performed, makes it relatively easy to produce devastating weapons. The nation's CBW arsenal is thus less modest than its defenders advertise. Unlike other military hardware, such weapons need not always be stocked in quantity. For the present, in fact, the Pentagon plans no further procurement of lethal agents because it judges that enough of these materials are already on hand to meet the officially limited objective—adequate supplies for a tactical response to enemy CBW. Also, experiments may be on the verge of a technical breakthrough that would render the current stocks obsolete.

Three Roles

The question remains: How and when does the Pentagon plan to use chemical and biological weapons? There are three basic roles that such weapons might play: aggressive, defensive or deterrent. The U.S. has yet to ratify the 1925 Geneva Protocol outlawing the use of chemical-biological weapons, though it did approve a 1966 U.N. resolution to the same effect. In 1943, Franklin Roosevelt pledged that the U.S. would use those weapons only if an enemy used them first. Under State and Defense Department pressure in 1959, however, Congress refused to make formal the "no first strike" rule. Still, the U.S. has in effect forsaken any intention of initiating deadly chemical-biological warfare. The use of herbicides to defoliate Vietnamese jungles, plus tear gas and CS to drive the Viet Cong from their tunnels, has

brought some criticism; yet the effects have been exceedingly mild compared with the potential of other available chemical weapons.

Taken as a purely defensive instrument, CBW research might be valuable in teaching the military to detect a chemical or biological attack at the earliest moment—a considerable advantage, because many CBW agents are colorless, odorless and otherwise undetectable before they strike. Even so, it is not yet clear how such knowledge might benefit the civilian population, which could not be rapidly regimented to seek shelter or take antidotes.

As for the possible role of chemical-biological weapons as deterrents, that is one of the principal justifications advanced by the military for their developments. It is possible that an enemy might refrain from attacking out of fear that the U.S. would respond with its own CBW, even though the U.S. nuclear deterrent would seem to be a more effective persuader. Chemical and biological weapons offer an additional combat option—something to occupy the considerable middle ground between conventional weapons and nuclear warheads. Such an option may or may not be an advantage. Defenders of the program contend that certain forms of CBW could make combat relatively humane. Theoretically, chemicals could be perfected to the point where the enemy would not be killed but would be put out of action temporarily until he could be trundled off to a P.O.W. camp. That principle works well enough in riot and crowd control, where the combat is temporary, and there is no danger of escalation. But in battle the humane principle is the first casualty; the temptation to escalate from incapacitating to killing agents would be powerful.

The Burden of Proof

Many military planners operate on the theory that CBW is no better or worse than any other instrument of war; as long as war is a possibility, they say, all instruments must be developed or at least tested. There are differences with CBW, however. While the dispersal of some chemicals can be confined to limited areas, depending on weather conditions and the method of dispersal (from hand-held weapons to aerial sprays), the control of other agents, particularly biologicals, is likely to be so difficult that a vast majority of the victims would be non-combatants. Numerous chemical and biological weapons would probably be even more indiscriminate than nuclear bombs in destroying civilian populations. In addition, the ecological damage that CBW would visit upon the earth for generations might well surpass even the effects of nuclear fallout. Says Microbiologist Martin Kaplan, "Sudden imbalances in numbers or the insertion of new infective elements into evolutionarily unprepared animal or plant life could produce for an indefinite period an unrecognizable and perhaps unmanageable world from the standpoint of communicable diseases."

Chemical and biological weapons are now being tested by at least 13 nations, including Britain, France, and Sweden, as well as the U.S. and Russia. The situation obviously calls for international control agreements. Pending that millennium, the U.S. probably has no choice except to continue investigating potential C-B weapons. But the Pentagon could quiet widespread fears by doing more to prove to the public that its programs are indeed primarily designed for defense and protection. The Army could begin by ending some of the secrecy—and deliberate distortion—that has marred its past record. While full public disclosure is clearly impossible, a good deal of public confidence might be restored, for example, if the White House appointed a citizens' commission of scientists, doctors and laymen to monitor developments in CBW. An alternative might be joint congressional committee. Such a body might also report periodically on the levels of lethal agents being stockpiled, as well as the safety of their storage and transportation. It is past time for the Pentagon to acknowledge that there are legitimate doubts about chemical and biological weapons.

THE WORLD

FRANCE: THE POWER PASSES TO POMPIDOU

WITHIN the Gobelins-hung halls of the Elysée Palace mingled the political and military leaders of France, their tricolor sashes and bemedaled uniforms testifying to their country's proud if sometimes painful past. Outside in the courtyard, drawn up on one side of a red carpet that stretched across the white gravel, stood a company of the Republican Guard, resplendent in their 19th century red-trimmed uniforms. Down the ribbon of carpet last week walked Georges Pompidou, the man to whom France has entrusted its destiny for the next seven years.

Pompidou was met at the palace steps by interim President Alain Poher, whom he defeated in the two-round election that chose Charles de Gaulle's successor. Together, victor and vanquished walked to the elegant Salle des Fêtes, where other officials and guests had assembled. A chamber ensemble that had been playing Lully's *Les Mousquetaires du Roy* fell silent. The president of the Constitutional Council, which oversees elections, stepped forward to proclaim Pompidou as President. Then the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor slipped around Pompidou's neck the heavy chain of a grand master of the order, symbolic of the Presidency.

Tensions Within Gaullism. At that moment, artillery began to fire along the Seine, the reports reverberating in the Elysée. To the counterpoint of the 21-gun salute, President Pompidou made a brief inaugural address. Praising the

man who only eleven months earlier had sacked him as Premier, Pompidou said: "General de Gaulle represented France with unprecedented éclat and authority. My duty is delineated by his example. I intend to fulfill it with the strictest respect for the constitution of the Fifth Republic and with the will to uphold the dignity of France."

The panoply of the inaugural could not conceal the anxieties and tensions that gnaw at the Gaullist party. Arriving late at the Elysée, Michel Débré, one of De Gaulle's most loyal ministers, seemed agitated. Former Culture Minister André Malraux, the ideologue of Gaullism, also seemed nervous, bringing his left hand to his mouth as if to bite his nails. Outgoing Premier Maurice Couve de Murville looked even more icy and dour than usual. The old Gaullist veterans remember all too well that in 1953, the last time De Gaulle huffily retired from French politics, the party fell apart almost immediately. This time they are determined that Gaullism will remain a strong, united force.

Many of them are slightly wary of Pompidou. Though he is a longtime party member, he lacks the Resistance credentials and almost mystical faith in the General's wisdom that mark true Gaullists. During the campaign, he made an open bid to gain a measure of independence from his party. In an effort to enlist the support of non-Gaullist parties, Pompidou promised to make what he called "openings" in domestic and for-

eign policy. The Gaullists fear that those openings might erode their power. Some of them are worried that Pompidou might bring too many outsiders into his Cabinet, while others, notably former Justice Minister René Capitant, are fretting that Pompidou will not pursue De Gaulle's social schemes, such as worker participation in management.

Reassuring Élan. The President is, of course, aware of these pressures. As a practical politician, he knows that he needs the support of the Gaullist majority in the National Assembly. He also wants to avoid any public quarrel with De Gaulle, who last week returned from his self-imposed Irish exile to set up an office in Paris. Even so, in the days prior to his inauguration, Pompidou went about politicking and Cabinet-building with reassuring élan.

Operating out of temporary headquarters in a Left Bank apartment that was once Princess Lee Radziwill's pied-à-terre, Pompidou sped around town for private meetings and lunches with prospective ministerial candidates. A mobile postal unit was set up in the courtyard of the apartment building to handle the stream of congratulatory telegrams, including one from De Gaulle that saluted his victory "for every personal and national reason." During the politicking, Pompidou's bubbly wife Claude stayed discreetly in the background. After the inauguration, she turned up at the Hôtel de Ville to watch Georges receive the homage of



POMPIDOU REVIEWING THE REPUBLICAN GUARD
The panoply could not conceal the anxieties.



PARISIANS CELEBRATING THE VICTORY



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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish,

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's burgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.



Capt. Moodie
commanded the CUTTY
in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

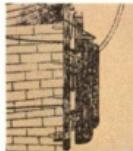
With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, CUTTY's jury rudder, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismasting, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."



The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

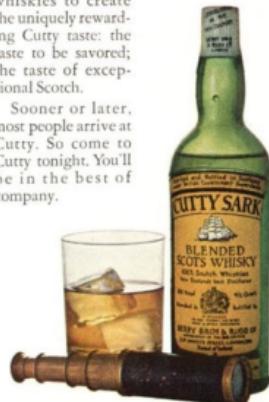
Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.



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the city of Paris and later strolled with him through the Elysée rose gardens.

Crucial Portfolio. Pompidou's first Cabinet appointment was perhaps the easiest and least controversial. His choice for Premier was Jacques Chaban-Delmas, 54, the President of the National Assembly (*see box*). The most crucial portfolio decision to be made was the selection of a Foreign Minister.

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of the Independent Republican Party badly wanted

the Quai d'Orsay. Since Giscard is on record as favoring British admission to the Common Market and a less nationalistic approach to foreign affairs, his appointment would signal substantial departures from De Gaulle's policies. The Gaullists vigorously opposed the appointment, insisting that Debré be kept on. At week's end Pompidou's people indicated that the President would compromise and pick neither man for the job.

Chaban-Delmas did let it be known,

however, that Giscard would get another Cabinet position, perhaps his old one for a time under De Gaulle: the Finance Ministry. The Premier also said that at least three other Gaullist ministers would survive the transition of power. They were former Minister of Industries Olivier Guichard, Minister of State Roger Frey and Finance Minister François-Xavier Ortoli. What did they have in common? Close personal and political ties to the new President.

France's New Premier

LOUISE-FRANÇOISE DE BOURBON, bastard daughter of Louis XIV, built the Palais-Bourbon beside her lover's Hôtel de Lassay in order to be near him; her gardens were a favorite place to stroll. Today the Palais-Bourbon is the home of France's National Assembly, and the gardens in recent years have been a morning rendezvous for two unlikely figures. One was a watchful policeman cradling an automatic rifle. The other was Assembly President Jacques Pierre Michel Chaban-Delmas, 54, togged in a track suit. Under the eyes of his security guard, Chaban-Delmas would jog determinedly for half an hour, then do 90 minutes of Swedish exercises in the Hôtel de Lassay, the official residence that the Assembly leader occupied with his second wife, Marie-Antoinette. Then it was off—literally on the run—for Palais-Bourbon and the ornate chair he has occupied for the past eleven years.

From now on, Chaban-Delmas can do his jogging in the larger garden of the Hôtel de Matignon, traditional home of France's Premiers. The handsome onetime Resistance leader was a sensible choice by President Pompidou. He is a "historical Gaullist," that is, one who has followed the general since World War II. He was on terms close enough so that he received a portrait from De Gaulle inscribed "to my dear comrade-in-arms."

Yet Chaban-Delmas' attachment was based on personal affection for the man and his spirit rather than blind devotion to party and platform. This gave him flexibility in the 1946-58 period, when De Gaulle was out of power. Other Gaullists remember those years as "the crossing of the desert," but Chaban-Delmas served without qualm in the governments of Pierre Mendès-France, Guy Mollet and Félix Gaillard. In recent months his independence emboldened him to define Gaullism in terms that echoed those of Pompidou: "Being a Gaullist means believing that the policies followed by De Gaulle have been, on the whole, good. This does not automatically mean that Gaullists believe that all of his policies are necessarily excellent. There are degrees in Gaullism."

So far as Pompidou is concerned, Chaban-Delmas has other qualifications for Premier. He is a superb politician who can be counted on to keep Pompidou's fences well mended. The former Premier, Maurice Couve de Murville, was an inept campaigner who could not even win an Assembly seat from Paris' usually safe 7th arrondissement. Chaban-Delmas became mayor of Bordeaux at 32, replacing a socialist who had held the job for 19 years. He has been re-elected regularly because of his pub-



JACQUES CHABAN-DELMAS

PIERRE HONEGGER

lic works, which included the first bridges over the Garonne River built since the days of Napoleon III, and his high capacity to see—and be seen. "He sees a football," says one constituent, "he kicks it. He sees an old man, he gives him a decoration. He sees a baby, he kisses it. He sees a wounded veteran, he helps him across the street. He sees a hand, he shakes it."

The new Premier was born plain Delmas in Paris. He became a journalist after graduation from the Lycée Lakanal, was eventually called to military service as a private. Before long he was in officer's training at Saint-Cyr, where he led his class. In World War II, he fought on the Maginot Line. Demobilized after the fall of France in 1940, he began leading a dangerous double life. Using the code name "Lakanal," he spied on French factories taken over by the Germans. At the same time, as a seemingly obedient follower of the Vichy regime, he studied for and passed the arduous examination for *Inspecteur des Finances*, the prestigious civil service post from which many of France's top leaders have launched their careers.

Delmas was given more and more underground assignments, eventually was made brigadier general at the age of 29. Once, hovering over a radio for messages from London, Delmas was informed that his Lakanal code name had been broken. Told to propose a new one, he looked out a window, noticed a plaque inscribed "Château de Chaban." His exploits made the name so famous that he formally prefixed it to his own at war's end.

By 1944, Chaban-Delmas coordinated all Free French military operations in France. He was sent into Paris to prevent the Communists from inviting destruction of the city through a precipitous uprising. At one point the youthful general was flown to London to plead with Allied leaders for prompt entry. He got back into occupied France, after a flight to Normandy, by bicycling through German lines wearing tennis clothes (he is a tournament player). His clothes, his tennis racket and a chicken he carried were meant to mark him as a gentleman who had been playing in the countryside and was returning home to food-short Paris with dinner.

De Gaulle observed after his first meeting with the young officer that "the famous General Chaban has the face of an adolescent." Over the next quarter of a century, De Gaulle apparently became convinced that the adolescent had matured. His list of possible successors reportedly contained only three names: Pompidou, Michel Debré and Jacques Pierre Michel Chaban-Delmas.

COMMUNISTS

Ratifying the Right to Dissent

"We are in serious doubt about the scientific character of some aspects of the analysis contained in the document. In style, the document is more frequently couched in invocatory-propagandistic rather than analytical terms, and this makes it impossible to catch the whole novelty, wealth and complexity of the world-revolutionary movement." The words were those of Enrico Berlinguer, the deputy leader of the Italian Communist Party, and he was addressing the other 74 delegations at the world Communist summit meeting in Moscow. Berlinguer was criticizing the 47-page communiqué that the Soviets hoped all the parties would sign as a symbol of Communist solidarity.

Though a team of writers and editors worked round the clock considering

wanted to gain the parties' approval for the doctrine of limited sovereignty, by which the Soviet regime justifies the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Russia settled for a watered-down defense of "proletarian internationalism," qualified by strong declarations of independence for all parties.

Most of all, the Soviets had hoped to revive miraculously their former role as the leaders of world Communism. Instead, they were forced to publicly renounce any claim to hegemony. "All parties have equal rights," declared the final paper, adding: "There is no longer a center of the Communist movement."

Real Newspaper. As an instrument to refurbish the image of Communist unity, the conference was a bust. That very fact, oddly enough, may serve to make Communism seem less sinister to the rest of the world. For what the delegates in effect ratified in Moscow was

JERROLD SCHRETER

went home with the feeling that the display of foreign dissent might fan the embers of Russia's native discontents. One Yugoslav observer, doubtless overly optimistic, even hazarded the premature observation that "the conference marked the beginning of a legitimate opposition in the Soviet Union." The leaders of the Soviet Union show no signs of extending to their own people the toleration they temporarily granted their foreign comrades. There were reports last week in Moscow that Soviet security forces were harassing the 54 dissenters who had tried to send a petition to the United Nations. Their complaint: basic civil rights are being suppressed in the Soviet Union.

MIDDLE EAST

Symbolic Act

The animosities of Arabs and Israelis are exacerbated by a continuing war on each other's religious, historic and sentimental symbols. Arabs destroyed or damaged 80 places of Jewish worship when they controlled Jerusalem, turning two synagogues into public lavatories. Last week the Israelis in turn gave their enemies cause for offense, though on a lesser and more personal level. They demolished the childhood home of Yasser Arafat (TIME cover, Dec. 13), leader of Al-Fatah, the largest group of Arab fedayeen commandos.

The five-story stone-and-plaster house stood in Jerusalem's Abu Saud quarter, named for Arafat's maternal ancestors, who bore the title *Magib el-Ashraf*, or scions of the nobles. It was one of a small cluster of homes located close to the Wailing Wall. Since occupying the city in 1967, the Israelis have bulldozed one Arab section to create a broad plaza, and their archaeologists have made extensive excavations to uncover more of the wall, dating from the Herodian period. Recently, the excavating reached the foundations of the Abu Saud house.

Inch-thick cracks appeared in its walls, conveniently enabling the Israelis to label the building dangerous to public safety. They marked it for demolition, thus allowing the excavations to proceed. The occupants, two Abu Saud sisters, declined offers of compensation and refused to move, asserting that the property was jointly owned with a Moslem religious foundation. Last week Israeli workmen moved them anyway, and bulldozed the house. The Israelis insist that the demolition had nothing to do with the fact that Arafat once lived there.

The Arab press raged, but Arafat himself was silent, apparently not wanting to show more concern for his own house than for other Arab homes blown up by the Israelis because their occupants collaborated with Al-Fatah. But on the following Sabbath eve, three bombs exploded in a side street 300 yards from the Wailing Wall, wounding three Arab civilians and an Israeli soldier.



SOVIET LEADERS AT CLOSING SESSION OF MOSCOW CONFERENCE
A world without a center.

some 300 amendments and incorporating 30 of them into the text, the document was still not tailored to Italian taste by the time the conference wound up last week. Berlinguer signed only the section of the four-part document that dealt with the need for combating imperialism. Three other delegations, including the Australian one, also signed only the anti-imperialism passage. The delegates from the tiny militant party in the Dominican Republic had the temerity not to sign at all. Eight other parties initialed only after expressing reservations of one sort or another.

Soviet Compromises. Because of the divisions in the Communist world, it was not really remarkable that there were abstentions and objections. Surprising, however, was the extent to which the Soviets bent and shuffled in order to get as many signatures as possible on the dotted line. Moscow had once aimed to use the conference to read the Chinese out of the Communist movement. No such luck: all direct mention of the Chinese was knocked out of the final version. The Kremlin had also

a decision to tolerate dissent within Communism, thus bringing to the movement a semblance of democracy. It was the first summit in history in which Communists were allowed to disagree with the majority view and could hold to their divergent beliefs without threat of being thrown out of the movement. At the farewell reception in the Kremlin, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev assured his guests that the "free and frank" discussions had made, in his words, "a new, weighty contribution to the development of our revolutionary theory."

Moscow '69 has already produced at least one interesting development. In reporting the proceedings, *Pravda*, for the first time in 41 years, printed criticism of a ruling Soviet regime. The strong Australian condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, for example, appeared on *Pravda's* front page. While the summit was in session, Soviet citizens enjoyed a glimmer of what it is like to read a real newspaper. There in print were foreign comrades defying the Kremlin—and getting away with it.

Some Western European Communists

BRITAIN'S PRINCE CHARLES: THE APPRENTICE KING

I think it's something that dawns on you with the most ghastly, inexorable sense. I didn't suddenly wake up in my pram one day and say "Yippee," you know.

First I thought of being the proverbial engine driver or something. Then I wanted to grow up to be a sailor, as I had been on the yacht for the first time, and, of course, a soldier, because I had been watching the Changing of the Guard. When I started shooting, I thought how marvelous it would be to be a big-game hunter. I went from one thing to the other until I realized I was rather stuck.

DID ever a king speak thus? Probably not, but then these are exceptional times for once and future kings. The author of those wry and rueful words, lamenting a downward mobility forever out of his grasp, is H.R.H. Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, K.G., Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall in the peerage of England, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Lord of Renfrew in the peerage of Scotland, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland.

A pleasant, jug-eared young man of 20 who likes to fly planes, drive sports cars, play the trumpet and the cello, and who once delivered a very creditable Macbeth on a school stage, Charles is stuck in history. It is his blessing and his burden to be destined to become Charles III, the 41st sovereign of England since the Norman invasion. He will inherit a throne that, for all the erosion of empire and the straitened circumstances of the scepter'd isle, remains the most prestigious in the world.

Splendor in Wales

The prestige is not, of course, a reflection of any real power. More than a century ago, Walter Bagehot noted that a constitutional monarch has only three rights: "The right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn." Those narrow royal prerogatives have further diminished in the years since. Such considerable aura as the British crown still has for Britons and the rest of the world is largely the residual glow from the past. It emanates from the legends and lives of England's kings, evoking images of silver trumpets raised on lofty battlements, the colored swirl of pennants and the flashing swords on Bosworth Field, and all the pageantry that still occasionally stirs in modern Western man the memories of his medieval passage.

The splendor of Britain's royal heritage will be unfurled for an estimated 500 million television viewers next week as Queen Elizabeth journeys to Caernarvon Castle in North Wales to invest Charles as Prince of Wales. The title has been Charles' since his mother announced, when he was only nine, her intention of awarding it to him. The in-

FOX PHOTOS



CHARLES, THE QUEEN MOTHER, ELIZABETH & PHILIP
Somehow he must find his voice, and use it.

vestiture will mark his formal installation. It will also serve to signal the end of Charles' royal adolescence (he turns 21 in November) and his acceptance of the role and tasks of apprentice sovereign. Perhaps most important, the ceremony is designed to honor Wales, a region of Britain that too often feels overlooked by London and harbors a small but vocal separatist movement, the Plaid Cymru (Party of Wales). Finally, the event will be the biggest royal bash since Queen Elizabeth's coronation in 1953.

Little Caernarvon is feverishly preparing for the July 1 festivities. Shops along Hole-in-the-Wall Street are chock full of souvenirs: badges and bookmarks, cuff links and key chains, pennants and princely paperbacks. Up at the castle,

the clanging carpenters' hammers echo as grandstands rise. By the time the Prince arrives—along with 200,000 less exalted visitors—the town should be more or less fit for a king.

Castle Square, weekend site of an outdoor market, will be lit up by arches of electric lights and adorned with bunches of wild purple heather and blue hydrangeas. Thirty sets of banners will festoon the town streets, and fresh paint is being splashed everywhere. As Decorator-in-Chief Lord Snowdon, Charles' uncle, airily put it: "I have designed the whole thing entirely for television." That brought an angry retort from Sir Anthony Wagner, Garter King of Arms and chief authority for the ceremony's heraldic details: "I don't regard myself as part of show business."

Still, show business is a big part of the scene. Television cameras will document every step in the ceremonies for the delectation of Europe, the U.S., Canada and Australia. The world will have a better look at the ritual than many of the guests at the ceremony: 4,000 will be seated within the castle walls, but only 2,500 will be able to witness the actual investiture because of a protruding buttress. Space within the castle walls is so limited that directors of the six-hour production were forced to choose between feeding the guests or providing lavatories for them. There will be no food, so the assembled dignitaries will be forced to smuggle in their own champagne and caviar. If they want a memento of the occasion, they can take home their chairs as souvenirs at the price of \$30. Onlookers in the stand outside the castle must ante up \$24 each for tickets.

It will be the kind of show that only the British Crown can put on, with each member of the royal family play-



PRINCE IN PRAM ON 3RD BIRTHDAY
Downward mobility forever out of grasp.

ing his or her role. Elizabeth is perfect the straight man in the act, who underdoes everything with a flawlessness that creates its own suspense. At the other extreme, and refreshingly so, is her husband, Prince Philip, who looks remarkably like Stan Musial and is a self-confessed expert in the art of "don-topadology," as he calls it: opening his mouth and putting his foot in it. The Queen Mother is everybody's baby sister. Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret are the scandalous bohemians; they actually stay out late at night, have

been known to drink, and it is widely rumored that on occasion they even have fights—and fun. Princess Anne, Charles' younger sister, is beginning to give her aunt and uncle a run for the tabloid money. Only 17, she has lately turned from a chubby duckling into a passably delectable swan, wings through London in exotic hats and miniskirts, and recently danced on the stage with the cast of *Hair* (clad).

Prince Charles? His style, understandably, is less simply defined. He had had to grow up with the awesome knowl-

edge that eventually he must don the crown. Almost from the moment of his birth, on Nov. 14, 1948, Charles has been trained for the succession. From the outset, Elizabeth and Philip were determined to give the heir as wide and worldly an education as possible within the limits of royal propriety. Beginning at eight, he was sent to school beyond the Buckingham Palace walls. His first stop was chic Hill House in Knightsbridge, where he had trouble with arithmetic. A year later, he moved on to Cheam, an old and exclusive school

Of Wales and Its Princes

WELSHMEN break into song as readily as lesser men tell jokes, and after an evening in any Welsh pub, it is perfectly possible to believe that all who sing off-key are packed off to England at the age of 15. Their songs are stirring, and the best dwell on the eternal glory of the nation. "Wales will be as Wales has been," pledges *Men of Harlech*, "so great in freedom's story." Reserved Northerners and more outgoing Southerners alike take great pride in the brave Welsh heritage. The real heroes remain those ancient warriors who fought successive invaders so long ago.

Welsh history is the story of "phantoms following phantoms in a phantom land . . . a gleam of spears, a murmur of arrows, a shout of victory, a scream of torture, a song . . ." Welshmen proudly call themselves the first Britons. They were Celts who migrated from Central Europe. Once in Britain, they fought against the Romans and later the Saxons, who forced them out of England and west into the area they occupy today. (It was the Saxons who were responsible for the name Wales. It is derived from the Saxon word *wealas*, or foreigners; Welshmen call their country Cymru, or homeland.) The Welsh continued to battle against Danish, Norman and finally English invaders. In the mid-13th century, the Welsh erupted under the leadership of Llywelyn. They were crushed by Edward I of England, and Llywelyn, last Welsh Prince of Wales, was slain.

In an effort to appease the defeated Welshmen, Edward made sure that his first son was born at Caernarvon in North Wales. In 1284, so legend goes, the infant was presented to the assembled Welsh barons with the royal assurance that their new Prince could not speak a word of English. Seventeen years later, he was formally invested as the first English Prince of Wales, thus es-

tablishing the tradition that made heirs to the throne bear that title.

It was not a happy beginning. In his teens, Prince Edward developed a firm homosexual attachment to a young Gascon courtier named Piers Gaveston. On the Prince's accession as Edward II, he raised Gaveston to the highest rank in the peerage, carried on the affair despite marriage, and in the meantime proved himself a most unlucky leader. At Bannockburn, Scots forces under Robert the Bruce drove Edward's army from the field, and Edward himself fled the battle. Disgusted, his wife Isabella later sailed off to France, took a lover, and returned at the head of an army that flung the King into prison. He was savagely put to death in 1327.

The next Prince was more fortunate. Edward the Black Prince (so called because of his black armor) was a great lover, generous friend and brave warrior. It was the Black Prince's power that crushed the French at the Battle of Crécy. There, so legend has it, Edward saw the body of blind King John of Bohemia with its crest of ostrich feathers and the motto *Ich Dien* (I Serve). He took the crest and motto for his own. Succeeding Princes kept it.

Wales, however, remained turbulent. Late in the 14th century, Welshmen under the leadership of Owen Glendower fought 14 hard years for freedom, but English might prevailed once more. Glendower himself vanished—legend says he and his men still sleep in some forgotten cave, ready to come forth again when Wales is in need. After the end of Glendower's rebellion, relations with London quieted down, a process aided mightily by the accession to the English throne of Henry VII of the Welsh house of Tudor. In 1536, the Act of Union bound Wales to England. The quality of the succeeding princes was unspectacular.

Sorriest of all were the heirs of the house of Hanover. Frederick Lewis, son of George II, was damned by his father as "the greatest ass in the world." Under Victoria, last of the Hanoverian line, a measure of esteem was restored to the title. Her son, properly known as Prince Albert Edward but immortalized as "Bertie," carved out a flamboyant reputation as the best-known playboy of his day. He held the title for almost 60 years, then reigned for only nine. Bertie's grandson, invested at Caernarvon in 1911 and the first Prince of Wales ever to assume the title in Wales itself, spent an even shorter period as King. In 1936, after ruling just eleven months, King Edward VIII abdicated—to marry "the woman I love." All in all, most of the 20 men who preceded the present Prince of Wales have been an unhappy lot. Six did not live long enough to become King, four died violently after acceding to the throne. Two abdicated. It is a sobering heritage, but Charles can reasonably look forward to better prospects, thanks to the advance of medicine—and the decline, concurrent with the dwindling importance of the throne, in the practice of regicide.

THE CASTLE OF CAERNARVON



SPENCER LITTLE BIRMINGHAM

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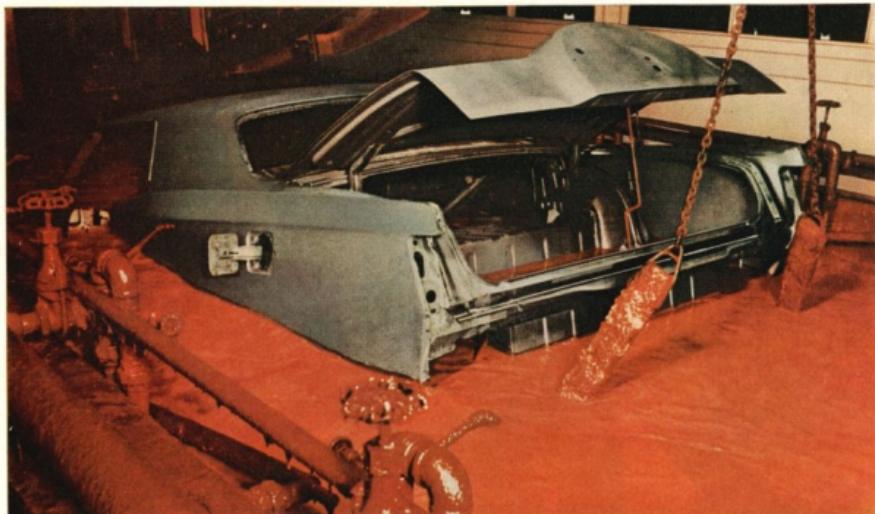
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in Berkshire that his father had attended.

He spent four years at Cheam, an establishment that tries to produce happy boys rather than brilliant students. Charles' parents did their best to see that he was inconspicuous there. They made sure he had a smaller sailboat than anyone else. One story, angrily denied by the palace, had it that Charles found his \$2.80-a-term allowance so inadequate that he sold his autograph to augment it. There were dietary problems. Once, after a stomach upset, he told a teacher that he was "not used to all this rich food at home."

He began to enjoy soccer: in his final year, he captained Cheam's team and led it to a record of sorts—four goals for Cheam, 82 for the opponents. The school paper summed up that unhappy season by noting: "At half, Prince Charles seldom drove himself as hard as his ability and position demanded." There were critics of his rugby style as well. In one pile-up, a voice from the heap underneath Charles was heard imploring: "Oh, get off me, Fatty!" Academically, he was an average student, and in 1962 it was time to follow Prince Philip's path once again, this time to a spartan Scottish public school.

Schooling a Prince

Gordonstoun is anything but luxurious. Dormitories are stark and functional. The daily regimen, while it pays due deference to academic achievement, ordains two cold showers a day, student-labor details (Charles, more often than not at first, drew the garbage detail), and plenty of toughening outdoor sports. The Prince was not cosseted. One of his teachers made a point of referring to him as "Charlie-boy," and on the rugby field he was hit hard, often deliberately. He made few close friends. Most boys, afraid of being scorned by their fellows for "sucking up" to Charles, treated him distantly.

Adding to his unpleasant experiences was the "cherry brandy" incident, Charles' first brush with notoriety. During a cruise from Gordonstoun aboard the school yacht, the boys went ashore at Stornoway on the Isle of Lewis. Charles and a few others stopped at a hotel for a meal, and the 14-year-old Prince, annoyed by tourists who stared at him through the windows, fled to the bar. He had never been in one before, he recalled later, and "the first thing I thought of doing was having a drink. It seemed the most sensible thing." He ordered a cherry brandy, thereby breaking the age laws—and as he put down a half-crown in payment, he glanced up to see someone whom he now recalls as "that dreadful woman." She was a freelance journalist, and the next morning the story appeared around the world. "I was all ready to pack my bags and head for Siberia," he said.

Early in 1966, the Prince jumped to Australia and Timbertop, a Gordon-

A Letter to Charles

The progenitors of pop and protest, miniskirts and peace marches are the youth of Britain. They know what they are against: it is not coincidence that the term Establishment was coined in the realm that will some day belong to Charles. He is the summum symbol of that Establishment, born old, committed, enmeshed, and he could no more drop out than change the color of his skin. The result is something of an intragenerational gap between the Prince and his contemporaries. With this in mind, TIME asked one of the Prince's fellow students to comment on the gulf that separates them. Jonathan Holmes, 21, affects theatrical sideburns and Nehru suits, is headed for a BBC television career after graduation with an honors degree in history. Here is his open letter to the Prince:

Dear Prince Charles,

We haven't seen very much of you at Cambridge these last two years. Few of us know any more about you than we did before you arrived. You have kept yourself very much to yourself.

But what do you think about? It doesn't take much insight to guess that uppermost in your mind, this last year or two, has loomed the inescapable fact that you are destined—some would say doomed—to be a king. From the dour orthodoxy of a Scottish public school you have been launched into a university society where political thought is in turmoil, where the most radical social theories from revolutionary socialism to out-and-out anarchy are bandied about like cocktail-party small talk. Your position prevents you from taking an open part in these discussions. But you must have been an interested spectator. And you must certainly be uncomfortably aware that none of the numerous social utopias currently being advocated by your fellow students have any room at all for a hereditary monarch or an imperial throne. You could be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that you have been born and trained to a job hopelessly out of date.

How many of our generation look forward to enjoying the life that our parents lead, are inspired by the things that inspired them or feel to be important ideals that are the breath of life to them? How many Englishmen under 25 stand to attention when the anthem is played or long for the great days of Empire? Your father's bluff common sense and your mother's gracious ordinariness are precisely the qualities needed to cap-

ture the affection of our parents. That is precisely why they seem an irrelevancy to us. It is not that we dislike them. They simply do not seem to be important.

But you are not only Prince of Wales and Heir Apparent to the thrones of Great Britain. You are also Charles Windsor, an intelligent and well-educated young man with a mind of your own and the opportunity to use it, if you want to. Certainly, we want you to. If you are to be a king at all, you must be our king. I do not mean that you should agree with us, for we do not agree among ourselves. But if you showed clearly that you were preoccupied by our preoccupations, that you can dance to our music and sing to our tunes, you would do yourself and your office more good than would a hundred Garter ceremonies or the dutiful launching of a thousand ships.

There is much that is wrong in our society; and you, if you have the courage to see it, are in an ideal position to bring those wrongs to the public eye. We should like to have a king who is not afraid to speak out against hypocrisy and inhumanity as your father has spoken out against stupidity and inefficiency. We should like a Prince who can tell our elders that the long-haired layabouts who haunt their suburban nightmares are not necessarily destructive ogres, but sometimes human beings who are more concerned with men than with money.

No doubt they will want to put you safely into the Navy—the last place where the wars of modern Britain will be fought. We should like to see you in the real battlefield—in the Wolverhampton ghettos and the dreary bed-sitting rooms of west London. They will give you a smart blue uniform and a stiff upper lip. We would rather give you a girl, a grin and a purpose in life.

We realize the difficulties in your way. We understand the restrictions. But if we are to have a king who is worth more than the throne he sits on, we must know who it is that we are getting. And if you are to be our king in 20 years' time, you must start to be a Prince now. Somehow you must find your voice and use it. In this brash and noisy generation, a lounge suit and a stately silence will merely sink you in oblivion. The investiture of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle will mean little to us. We are looking forward to the day when Charles Windsor emerges from the cocoon.

Sincerely,
JONATHAN HOLMES

continued on page 32

stout-like branch of Melbourne's posh Geelong school. Charles arrived in February, and for the next six months took 50-to-60 mile hikes in the outback, cooked johnnycakes over his own campfire, fed the pigs and chickens, and chopped wood by the cord. His schoolmates were friendly, though he recalls being chaffed as a "Pom" (Aussie slang for an Englishman) on at least one occasion. "I had an umbrella with me," he said. "It had been raining quite heavily, and they all looked rather quizzically at this strange English thing, and as I walked out there were marvelous shouts of 'Oh, Pommy bastard!'"

Discreet Dates

Back at Gordonstoun in November, he had a long-awaited chance to play a comic acting role: he starred as the Pirate King in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Otherwise the year passed quietly. Without sitting for college entrance examinations, Charles was allowed to enter Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1967.

From the earliest days, Charles did his best to blend into the Trinity scenery. He shuffled about in baggy cord trousers and an old jacket, cooked his own breakfasts and bicycled to classes. He decided to try for a B.A. Much of his time was spent over his books, and in examinations at the end of his freshman year he wound up with the equivalent of an A minus average.

His love life, if any, has been discreetly concealed. At a Trinity ball last year, Charles unbent sufficiently, as one observer put it, "to seem intent on kissing an attractive blonde named Cindy, even in the fast dances." The pursued lass was Cynthia Buxton, a fellow student and daughter of one of Prince Philip's birdwatching companions. Charles also was seen occasionally with Sibylla Dorman, a tall, pretty history student whose father is Governor-General of Malta. "We get on very well," says Sibylla, but she refuses to be labeled a "girl friend." Generally, Charles dates friends of Princess Anne or daughters of his mother's friends, and it may well be that his wife will be chosen from this tiny circle. There are no European princesses about who seem to be the right age, and he is—in theory at least—free to marry just about anyone as long as she is an undivorced member of the Church of England.

Charles in Wales

Charles is impressively conscientious about what he regards as his royal duties, whether they give him pleasure or not. Heirs apparent of the past rarely set foot in Wales, let alone bothered to learn more than enough Welsh to struggle through an investiture. The latest Prince already has considerable acquaintance with his titular fiefdom. He has spent the past two months in Wales. It was the Prince's own idea to attempt to quiet the Welsh protests against his investiture and at the same time satisfy his own well-honed sense of duty. Tak-

ing along only his cello, a record player and a metal cabinet for some of his papers, he moved into Pantycelyn Hall, a dormitory for the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth. The Prince's arrival, in his indigo MG, transformed the sleepy seacoast town (pop. 10,460). Tourists poured in, and so did police and the press, to mingle obtrusively with Aberystwyth's miniskirted or denim-clad locals.

With Permanent Guard Sergeant Anthony Speed of Scotland Yard installed in a room across the hall, Charles plunged into a cram course in Welsh language and history. He made his own bed, carried his own cafeteria tray, and began receiving sweaters knitted for him by the dames of Aberystwyth. He also found time to surf, squash and perform some princely duties.

On a bright sunny day in Cardiff, Charles presented regimental colors to the new Royal Regiment of Wales, an amalgamation of the old Welch Regiment and the South Wales Borderers, created as part of Britain's efforts to cut defense expenditures. For Charles, newly named as its Colonel in Chief, it was a successful show, marred only slightly by the efforts of the regimental goat to eat his sash. "Let us hope," he said later, "that the mascot is trained to act as an alarm in the event of any surprises sprung on us by certain activists," a reference to Wales' extreme nationalists.

To the Heights

Getting to know Wales also included a recent climb up Mount Snowdon (3,560 ft.), the highest Welsh peak. The Prince set a brisk pace. "He came up like a mountain goat," said his equerry. At the summit, his appearance touched off a mini-mob scene. As one girl aimed her camera, Charles gently informed her: "My dear, your [lens] cap is on." Spotting an American reporter, he asked: "You mean to say you've come all the way from the U.S. just to climb Snowdon?" Reporter: "It was just for you, sir," adding that the investiture had something to do with it. Replied Charles helpfully: "Well, perhaps we could hold it up here."

Despite the Prince's efforts to come to know Wales, there are many who resent his presence. Perhaps the most radical dissenters are the members of the Free Wales Army: eight young members are now on trial in Swansea, and some evidence produced during the trial hints that they planned to storm Caernarvon Castle during the investiture. Some call the army "a standing joke . . . they couldn't blow the skin off a rice pudding." But the organization has managed to commit eleven acts of sabotage against public facilities since March 1966.

Most Welsh nationalists disavow the Free Wales Army and the other small terrorist groups. They prefer the moderate way of the Plaid Cymru, founded in 1925 and at last beginning to gain sup-

The Pastimes of a Young Prince

SCOUT



ACTING AT CAMBRIDGE

KEYSTONE



PLAYING CRICKET IN KENT



GOCARTING WITH PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ANNE

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SHOWING HIS CELLO TO EDWARD

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RIDING WITH ANNE IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK



CROWNING CAMBRIDGE BEAUTY QUEEN

port. The Plaid is backed by about 12% of Wales' 2.7 million population, up from only 5% ten years ago. In a 1966 by-election the party succeeded in electing its first MP. The Plaid Cymru demands autonomy for Wales, believing that Wales gets back too little from London compared to what it contributes in taxes and productivity. Culturally, it seeks to preserve and expand the ancient Welsh language, now spoken by about 25% of the population.

Some Welsh critics are upset less by political implications than by the cost of the ceremony, though the investiture is expected to increase Welsh tourism revenue by some \$7,000,000. One of Charles' dormitory mates, Geraint Evans, says that "using the excuse that it's good for tourism and the economy only downgrades the royal family and makes the whole thing appear to be a gawpy spectacular." The student chairman of Pantycelyn Hall, Spencer Morgan, says: "It's like a circus. It evokes all the childish superstitions of the people." Though once opposed to Charles' coming to Aberystwyth, he is now won over: "I sense a genuine feeling of interest by the Prince in learning as much as he can about the people and the country whose name he'll bear. He is a master of etiquette and conducts himself with aplomb. He'll make a king."

But is a king necessary? Should the question even be asked? The most adamant defenders of the monarchy reply no. As Anthony Sampson (*Anatomy of Britain Today*) put it, "Once you touch the trappings of monarchy, like opening an Egyptian tomb, the inside is liable to crumble." Opponents contend that the monarchy is increasingly out of date, and that unless outmoded customs and myths are done away with, its relevance will soon be ended. Malcolm Muggeridge, who created a hullabaloo 12 years ago, when he dismissed the monarchy as a "royal soap opera," said last week that "the monarchy has ceased to have any importance or to play any part in the national life. However hard Charles tries, the monarchy will get more and more remote from reality, and so seem funnier and funnier to the ordinary person."

Counting the Cost

The cost of monarchy remains the crown's most vulnerable point. "I do not think that Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester or the Queen Mother are worth the money we pay them," charges William Hamilton, a Labor MP. "The Queen Mother has plenty of charm and smiles a lot—but so she should. She gets paid £70,000 (\$168,000) a year by the taxpayers." Queen Elizabeth receives \$1,140,000 annually for her household expenses. Charles is paid \$72,000 annually now, and that sum will rise to \$480,000 when he turns 21 this autumn.

Defenders of the monarchy argue that the royal family are a relatively frugal lot, and that the crown, thanks to the lands it owns, really pays for itself.

The gross revenues from crown lands amount to an annual \$13.2 million. These funds are turned over to the government, which, beyond paying the Queen, gives allowances to some members of the royal family that amount to only \$384,000.

Undoubtedly, the Queen and her relations provide the finest body of professional bazaar openers, foundation stone layers and medal awarders that a ceremony-loving people could wish for. Despite all the criticism, probably most of the British, fundamentally a sentimental race, would still say yes, the monarchy is worth it. The late Cassandra (William Connor, columnist of the London *Daily Mirror*) once wrote:



PRINCE EDWARD'S INVESTITURE IN 1911
Stirring memories of man's passage.

"I am a royalist rather than a republican because I think that the romantic hokum that surrounds kings and queens and princes and princesses is cheaper and more entertaining than the myth that surrounds the dreary old men who end up as republican Presidents."

By any standard of rational judgment, the monarchy, of course, is no longer necessary. However, there is a difference between a nation's rational and emotional needs. Britain's monarchy provides a link to the country's past and a unifying national symbol in the present. Modern monarchists cite the romantic—and atavistic—notion that the sovereign is a vital link between Britain and the Commonwealth at a time when other ties among the nations are falling away. Today, Britain is a small nation condemned to dwell amid the physical and remembered monuments of a much greater past. The monarchy makes that disparity less painful and more palatable. Film

Star Rita Tushingham puts it this way: "There's this feeling that the Queen is yours, when the anthem's played and everybody stands up together." Without the monarchy, Britain would be simply another minipower. Charles may or may not resent having been born to be a king. But for years to come, little old British mums will continue to dote on royalty while angry young critics will condemn it. It is at once the pride and the burden of the monarchy that both will be right.

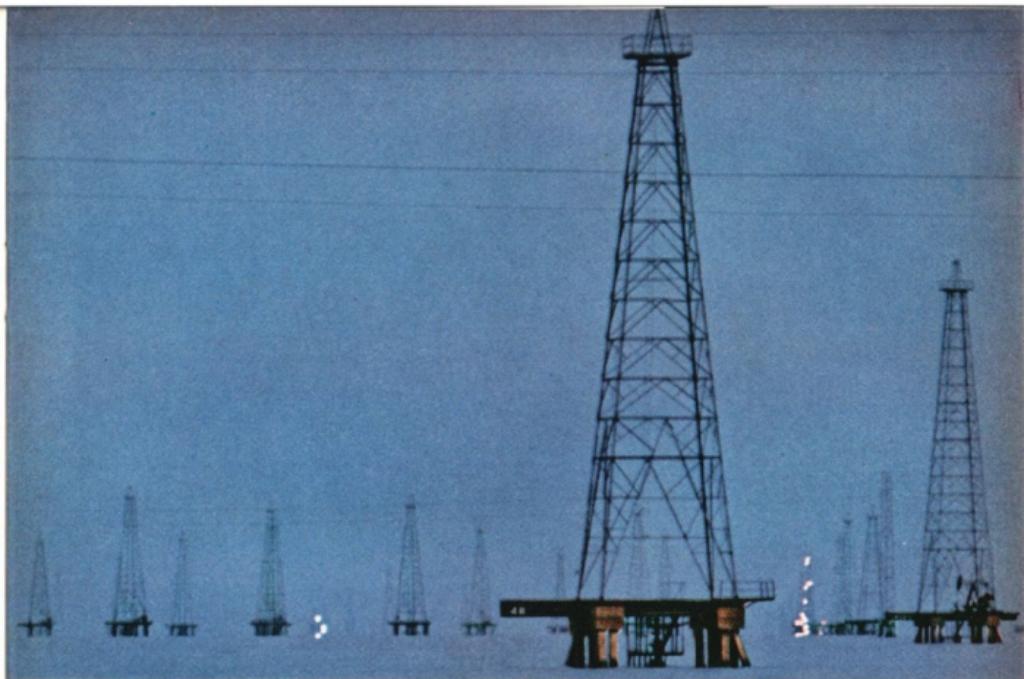
There are indications that Charles has ideas of his own about the duties of kingship, though they may still be developing. As he told an interviewer recently: "I think one has to be much more 'with it' than of old, and much better informed." He hopes to act as a sort of international emissary without portfolio: "I like to think I could be an ambassador not only for Wales but also for the United Kingdom as a whole, and from one Commonwealth country to another." He would almost certainly agree with Philip's assertion that he "didn't want to finish up like a Brontosaurus, stuffed in a museum."

Ceremony at Caernarvon

All of Britain's tangled views of the monarchy will come into focus next week within the ancient limestone walls of Caernarvon Castle. On Tuesday afternoon, the royal carriage procession will jog through the town to the castle's Water Gate. When Charles arrives, the state trumpeters of the Household Cavalry will sound a fanfare. His personal banner, carrying the arms of Llywelyn the Great with the coronet of the Prince of Wales in the center, will be broken out over the castle's Eagle Tower. Then Charles will be conducted by Lord Snowdon, the Constable of the Castle, to the Chamberlain Tower, while the assemblage sings *God Bless the Prince of Wales*.

Once the Queen arrives, she will direct that the Prince be summoned. He will approach, wearing a mantle of velvet trimmed with ermine over his blue uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Regiment of Wales. As Charles kneels before Elizabeth, the Letters Patent of investiture will be read, first in English and then in Welsh. The Welsh rendition is an innovation aimed at placating Wales' tribal sensibilities. While the Welsh is being intoned, the Queen will present Charles with a sword, place a coronet on his head, slip a gold ring on his finger and hand him a gold rod of government. The coronet is a modern design of Charles' own commissioning, part of his personal program to revive British gold- and silverwork. Thus accoutered, Charles will kneel before the Queen, place his hands between hers and repeat the ancient oath of his unique profession:

"I, Charles, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks."



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IRELAND

Staying Right

In an Irish election, there can be no conservative swing—conservatism is a way of life. After the rebellion that brought independence from Britain in 1922, the Irish settled down to a succession of governments content to recall the heroics of the past rather than innovate or modernize. Last week's election was no exception, despite a strong bid for power by the Labor Party, which fielded a slate of intellectuals, most notably Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. A one-time United Nations representative in the Congo, and most recently Albert Schweitzer Professor at New York University, O'Brien returned to Ireland, as he put it, "to give this country a credible alternative."

O'Brien came out for, among other things, a workers' democracy, abrogation of the Anglo-Irish free-trade treaty, and a neutralist foreign policy. Responding to the challenge, the ruling Fianna Fail (Soldiers of Destiny) Party, under Premier John (Jack) Lynch, campaigned against Labor's "alien ideology," and against O'Brien himself. Taking account of the fact that O'Brien has been divorced, they pinned on him the ironic label of "the new pope of Irish morality."

As it turned out, Fianna Fail captured 75 seats in the 144-seat Dail, or Parliament, three more than it had before. The equally conservative opposition party, Fine Gael, won 50 and Labor only 18. The result confirmed Lynch, a compromise choice for his party's leadership in 1966, as *Taoiseach* (chief of the clan) in his own right—and that the Irish are not yet ready for new departures.

TOM PICTOR



LYNCH AT DUBLIN RALLY
Taoiseach on his own.

RHODESIA

Final Break

After nearly four years of uncertain status as a rebel colony, Rhodesia last week voted to make its break with Britain final, formally ending any search for constitutional accommodation or legality. In a referendum, white voters decided to declare Rhodesia a republic, with a new constitution that ensures white rule and gives the government police-state powers on the model of South Africa. Since only 6,600 of Rhodesia's 4,818,000 blacks had any say in the matter, the decision on the constitution was made by a minuscule minority of the country: 55,000 votes to 21,000.

The document they approved is a model for law students everywhere on "just how bad a constitution can be," said Richard Christie, head of the law department of the University College of Rhodesia. In a bit of constitutional sleight-of-hand, it provides for a largely ceremonial head of state who is chosen by the Executive Council, or cabinet. But his duties include appointing the Executive Council, which conceivably will create a minor problem of who appoints whom first. The constitution also provides for a Senate with black representation but a permanent white majority, and a House of Assembly of 66 members to start. Of those, 50 will be elected by Rhodesia's 264,700 whites, eight by the dominant Matabele and Mashona tribes. The remaining eight will be elected by chiefs and headmen, who are in the government's pay. Africans are eventually to be given up to 50 seats as their income tax contributions rise. That will be a long time coming, since the Africans, with an average annual income of \$403 (compared with \$3,959 for the whites), at present provide only 10% of Rhodesia's income tax revenues.

Unfettered Powers. Should anyone disagree with the arrangement, the constitution provides unfettered powers for the government to deal with dissent. Its new "Declaration of Rights" includes provisions for preventive detention and restriction, search and deprivation of property, and laws regulating the press. Though it also promises freedom of expression, assembly and association, as well as protection from slavery and inhuman treatment, the declaration leaves the government an all-inclusive out. No court will have the right "to inquire into or pronounce upon the validity of any law on the ground that it is inconsistent with the Declaration of Rights."

Campaigning for his creation, Prime Minister Ian Smith declared that "it virtually enshrines white supremacy, but it does it on merit, which no one can undermine." That view was disputed by a former Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky. He worried that "it will lead to eventual confrontation. It is a departure from representation based on merit to straight racial representation."

White Rhodesians have demonstrated



SMITH (UNDER RHODESIAN FLAG)
All-inclusive out.

at every step on their road to independence their readiness to go to any lengths to assure their position. They have accepted some hardships resulting from international trade sanctions, though many of the sanctions have been bypassed through devious third-party transactions. Internally, unemployment among Africans has risen, but Smith has maintained employment for whites through government aid. For instance, he reactivated Rhodesia's Ford and British Motor Corp. assembly plants to produce new 1966 cars from a three-year-old supply of parts.

Smith has also received generous aid from South Africa, even though his regime's blatant march toward *apartheid* is something of an embarrassment to Pretoria and its "outward-looking" foreign policy of making friends with its African neighbors. The embarrassment is likely to increase as Rhodesia makes use of the constitution's possibilities for repressive laws. Sooner or later, those laws are likely to be needed. South Africans are outnumbered by Africans only 4 to 1. White Rhodesians have set themselves the task of staying on top in a country where they are a minority by a ratio of 18 to 1.

LATIN AMERICA

A Quieter Round 3

Nelson Rockefeller swooped down into the sparkling capital city of Brasilia last week amid smiles and cordiality. A bevy of schoolchildren from the American School sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and beaming Brazilian dignitaries, headed by Foreign Minister Jose Magalhaes Pinto, listened approvingly to Rocky's arrival statement, made in Spanish-accented Portuguese. Not a

demonstrator was in sight, and even the blue-clad security police were by and large inconspicuous.

The peaceful welcoming scene was a far cry from Rockefeller's two earlier missions to Latin America, where anti-U.S. demonstrations marred his consultations with local governments. But the calm in Brazil was scarcely a sign either of pro-American sentiment or of democratic stability in the country. It simply showed that the Brazilians had had sufficient warning, and had prepared accordingly. To forestall possible trouble, President Arthur da Costa e Silva's tough military regime had warned Brazil's press not to print anything unfavorable about the Governor's visit. It had also placed some 2,500 of Brazil's most militant students and other dissidents under preventive arrest to make certain that there would be no embarrassing demonstrations.

Cutting Inflation. Rocky knew this, of course, as he was hustled off to the National Palace to be briefed on the Brazilian regime's achievements. Costa e Silva pointed proudly to his government's success in cutting inflation to a mere 22% annually (down from 90% in 1964, when the military ousted left-leaning President João Goulart) and achieving an economic growth rate of 6%. At one point Costa e Silva grew so animated in his discourse that Rockefeller brought out a yellow pad and began taking notes.

Political questions, however, elicited less definitive answers from the Brazilians: when Rocky inquired about the prospects for a return to civilian rule and constitutional rights, his hosts explained that it would take time to create a climate in which order and democracy could coexist.

In neighboring Paraguay, Rocky was met by a cordial welcoming crowd of some 3,000 carefully selected Paraguayans. Again the Governor saw no hostility; President Alfredo Stroessner's experienced military dictatorship had seen to that. In friendly discussions, Paraguayan officials emphasized their landlocked country's need for \$115 million in long-term U.S. loans.

Rockefeller had to hold over a day in Paraguay because riotous students had made Montevideo, Uruguay's capital and his next scheduled stop, unsafe for a visit. There were a number of fire-bombings, most aimed against firms with U.S. interests, and terrorists set fire to a General Motors plant, causing damage estimated at \$1,000,000. Thus the Governor flew to the resort town of Punta del Este, where Uruguayan officials felt that they could discuss their problems in safety.

Insistent Demands. Throughout the week, Rockefeller and his advisers listened to essentially the same demands that they had heard on their two earlier swings: more U.S. aid without strings and the lifting of U.S. import restrictions on Latin American exports to the United States.

Washington seems to be moving in

these directions. Last week President Nixon decided to abolish the often criticized principle of "additionality," which, since 1965, has forced Latin Americans to buy American goods with U.S. aid money. Last year, 92% of the \$336 million aid package to Latin America was, in fact, spent in the U.S., compared with only 41% in 1960. Additionality was originally introduced to help improve the U.S. balance of payments, but has brought the U.S. a mere \$35 million in annual savings. Since that amount is but a drop in the \$4 billion annual U.S. sales to Latin America, it is hardly worth the trouble. Indeed, the additionality clause has convinced many Latin Americans that U.S. aid benefits U.S. business more than it does Latin America.



SUHARTO & WIFE INSPECTING PADDIES
From chaos to calm and change.

INDONESIA

Operating on a Giant

These are the hot and sticky days in Djakarta. From countless roadside stands, spicy odors of cooking food mingle with the smell of the clove-scented cigarettes so favored in Indonesia. Skeltons of unfinished skyscrapers still stand as bleak monuments to the grandiose dreams of the Sukarno era; three-wheeled *betjak* rickshaws duel with decrepit cars on the capital's crowded streets, just as they have for years. But despite the outward resemblances to the bad old days, change is coming to Indonesia. In sharp contrast to the early '60s, that change is for the better.

Given the near-total economic chaos left behind by Sukarno, improvement is bound to be slow. Still, in the 2½ years since President Suharto's government began its stabilization program, real progress has been made. At the moment, says a senior Western diplomat with long experience in Indonesia, "the internal situation is remarkably calm,

and to anyone who has known Indonesia over the years, this is simply fantastic." With at least temporary political stability in hand, Suharto's small group of Western-trained economists has managed to balance Indonesia's budget for the first time in history, has firmed up prices, and checked the runaway inflation that plagued the country.

Crude Instruments. There were risks involved in what the economists did, notably in lifting Sukarno's foreign-exchange restrictions to stimulate exports. "It was like a doctor operating on a patient," says Mohammad Sadli, head of the Foreign Investment Board. "The patient was too weak, and our instruments were crude, but we couldn't postpone the operation." In 1966, the inflation rate was 65%; now it is being held below 25% a year. The basic price of rice has been stabilized at less than half the top price of last year.

Suharto and his economists early this spring launched a five-year development plan aimed at more effectively exploiting the nation's huge natural wealth. The plan emphasizes food production, irrigation, rehabilitation of the infrastructure and land-sea-air communications. If all goes well, Indonesia will be self-sufficient in rice production by 1974. The government also hopes to persuade 3,000,000 women to adopt birth-control methods. Exports, worth \$643 million last year, are important in the country's growth plans. By 1974, Indonesia hopes to raise its export of primary commodities such as oil, rubber and spices to around \$800 million.

Many Economies. For all the successes of Suharto's technocrats, Indonesia's persisting problems are staggering. Unless the benefits of stabilization filter down to the masses soon, political problems may surface again. The new five-year plan is dependent in part on foreign aid, which totals \$500 million this year, \$208 million of that from the U.S. A drop in assistance could cripple the plan. So could a bad harvest. The bureaucracy remains often corrupt, inefficient and underemployed, and civil service reform is a long way off. The nation's Chinese minority (about 3,000,000 out of a total population of more than 112 million) is a problem. They control an estimated 75% of Indonesian commerce, which provokes resentment. Moreover many of the Communists and their sympathizers who backed Sukarno were ethnic Chinese. All this makes it more difficult for the present government to utilize fully the Chinese citizens' considerable economic talents.

Perhaps most serious of all is the fact that communications between Djakarta and the outer islands of the huge archipelago barely exist. "At the moment," says Sadli, "Indonesia is not an integrated economic entity. There are many economies, living side by side, using the same currency." Only when Suharto's technocrats find a way to gear these economies together will Indonesia be well on the way to realizing its giant potential.

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PEOPLE

No scenario writer in all of Hollywood could have handled the scene better. More than 200 guests were clustered around the pool at California Governor Ronald Reagan's home in Sacramento. Suddenly, little Alicia Berry, the seven-year-old daughter of one of the Governor's employees, slipped and fell into the pool. Out of the crowd darted none other than the former movie star himself. Fully clothed, Reagan dived into the pool and returned the sputtering child to her mother. Said Reagan, who spent seven summers as a lifeguard in his childhood home, Dixon, Ill.: "I never take my eyes off the pool. I guess it's just an old instinct that still remains."

The prisoner squinted into the sunlight as he was led from the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa. Accompanied by a federal marshal, he was driven to his hometown of Detroit, where he was allowed a quick steak dinner at one of his favorite restaurants, Berman's Chop House. Immediately afterward, he was escorted to the Wayne County jail to be bedded down in Ward 512 with nine other prisoners. Early next morning he was taken to Chicago, to await hearings on his contention that his conviction for jury tampering was obtained with the help of illegal wiretaps. So went a rare glimpse of the outside world for **Jimmy Hoffa**.

It is doubtful that **Margie Lindsay**, 16, will have to worry about paying her own way through college. Still, considering the way things are going for

her father, New York's Mayor John Lindsay, it is probably just as well that Margie has begun a career of her own in modeling. The long-limbed Manhattan schoolgirl began as a model for Maximilian Furs at age 14, and her slim beauty has been in demand ever since. Last week she spent primary day modeling the collection of Ben Kahn, which included a wild Tibetan yak poncho. But Margie admits that she is still a bit young for such plumage, and told reporters that she was "glad to get back into my own clothes"—hip-huggers and an Army sergeant major's jacket.

"Why are you paid by the CIA? Why are you speaking in this bourgeois theater?" That was Firebrand **Danny Cohn-Bendit**, leveling a barrage of billingsgate at **Herbert Marcuse**, the aging Pied Piper of the New Left, who appeared at Rome's Eliseo Theater to give a lecture, "Beyond the One-Dimensional Man." Danny and some 2,500 Italian students turned out to jeer their former idol following trumped-up charges made by U.S. Communist Party Chief Gus Hall at a Moscow press conference. Hall claimed that Marcuse had been "exposed as working for the CIA since World War II" and was "part of a plot to get youth moving toward radicalism but to divert them before they reached revolutionary position." Marcuse's reply: "Of course the man is an idiot."

As a music box ground out *Fly Me to the Moon*, Cartoonist **Charles Schulz** presented each of the three Apollo 10 astronauts with toy replicas of Snoopy, the top-eared dog of derring-do from his comic strip "Peanuts." The hound, along with another of Schulz's characters, Charlie Brown, achieved celestial fame as the code names of the Apollo lunar module and command ship. Schulz naturally wanted to meet the astronauts who had adopted his creations; so they were introduced and exchanged gifts. Schulz received a photo of the space-traveling Snoopy making an inverted rendezvous with *Charlie Brown*. The inscription: "Snoopy never did know which end was up anyway." Said Schulz: "What these men did was so far beyond our comprehension that something had to be done to bridge the communications gap. I think Snoopy helped do that."

New York City's latest slumlord conviction has an unusual twist. Among the victims: a group of elderly whites in a Bronx apartment building. The landlord: **James Meredith**, 36, the prominent civil rights figure who was the first known Negro ever to attend the University of Mississippi. The tenants of the building testified that Meredith had cut off vital services in an effort to force them to agree to rent hikes in their rent-controlled apartments. A Bronx criminal-court

Judge found Meredith guilty on two counts; sentencing date is July 25, when Meredith faces a possible \$250 fine and 15 days in jail on each charge. Said he: "I was convicted before, in Mississippi, for registering to vote. This seems about as just."

Presentations of honorary degrees are generally solemn affairs, but retiring Dartmouth President **John Sloan Dickey** put some kick in his kudos for Yale's President **Kingman Brewster**. Said Dickey, bestowing the LL.D.: "Never one to do things the easy way, you prepared for your avocation as a patrician sailor by being the eleventh-generation descendant of a Mayflower immigrant. As a Yale man, you prepared for the law by going to Harvard, then taught at Harvard Law School in preparation for the Yale presidency. As the editor of the *Yale Daily News*, you campaigned against the dress of Vassar girls, then married one and all but seduced Vassar itself."

U.S. entertainers are always in demand in Europe, but few enjoy the adulation accorded Songstress **Ella Fitzgerald**. Making her annual European tour, Miss Ella was warmly welcomed by fans as she strolled down Rome's Via Veneto. She dined early at Giggi Fazi with Romano Mussolini (one of Benito's sons) and his wife Maria (Sophia Loren's sister), then put on a show at the Teatro Sistina that nearly brought the *palazzo* down. Dressed in a simple blouse and skirt, Ella warbled her standards: *Mack the Knife*, *Mister Paganini*, *A Man And A Woman*, then answered two tumultuous curtain calls with a rendition of *People*.



MARGIE LINDSAY IN MANHATTAN
Putting on the yak.



ELLA FITZGERALD IN ROME
Bringing down the palazzo.



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Recognize these leaves? They're from the 55 kinds of trees you're most likely to see.

The species shown here represent most of the *genera*, or kinds, of trees in the United States.

All these leaves make food for the tree. And this tells much about their shapes. For example, the narrow needles of a Douglas fir can expose as much as three acres of chlorophyll surface to the sun. The lobes, leaflets and jagged edges of many broad leaves have their uses, too. They help evaporate the water used in food-building, reduce wind resistance—even provide "drip tips" to shed rain that, left standing, could

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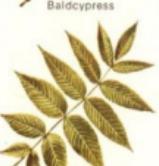
Beech



Paper birch



Box elder



Butternut



Northern catalpa



Black cherry



Eastern redcedar



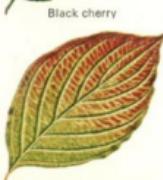
Northern white-cedar



Kentucky coffee tree



Eastern cottonwood



Flowering dogwood



American elm



Balsam fir



Douglas fir



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Splintered S.D.S.

Students for a Democratic Society is an agglomeration of 70,000 radical reformers and sometime revolutionaries that sounds fearlessly monolithic but is actually as disorganized and ragtag as Coxey's Army. At the S.D.S. national convention in Chicago last week, the internal dissension was so severe that the five-day meeting promised to be the most chaotic in S.D.S.'s seven-year history—and possibly the last.

Despite its wildfire success at campus disruption, S.D.S. has lost any firm sense of direction, if it ever had one. The Paris peace talks have clouded one of its central issues, the Viet Nam war. Blacks have pre-empted the fight against racism, and now often reject any association with white militant students. Universities are struggling to reform their structures and procedures—partly, of course, in response to S.D.S. demands and disruptive activities.

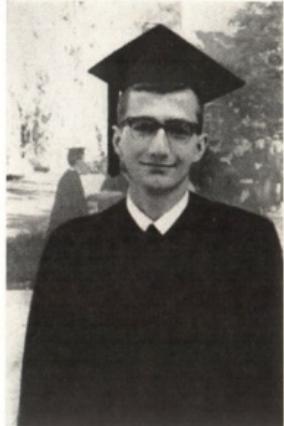
Infiltration and Suspension. The fact that S.D.S. lacks a clearly defined purpose is the chief cause of its confusion, but in the eyes of its members, who have lately begun to feel martyred and somewhat paranoid, the worst of it all is the heavy pressure now being applied against the organization. Police and FBI informants have infiltrated many campus chapters. S.D.S. militants at Columbia and Dartmouth have been jailed; narcotics and bomb-plot charges have been brought against members in New York, Colorado and Pennsylvania. In recent months, six of S.D.S.'s twelve regional offices have been vandalized and files burned or stolen. Four different congressional committees have announced plans to investigate the group. The growing official hostility partly explains why S.D.S. was refused meeting facilities at

60 colleges, camps and halls before deciding, surprisingly, to hold the delayed convention in Mayor Daley's Chicago.

As the 2,000 delegates gathered at the grimy Chicago Coliseum on South Wabash Avenue, straggling in past police taking their pictures, schism dominated the proceedings from the first hour. Members of the two main opposing groups even looked different. Most of those with beards, jeans, sandals and other casual clothes supported the relatively moderate program of the S.D.S. regulars to extend their efforts to high schools as well as to organize community-action projects in poor neighborhoods. Their Marxist challengers, the highly disciplined Progressive Labor Party radicals, were generally neatly barbed and shod, some even wearing suits and ties. Known as the "short-hair caucus," they want S.D.S. to form a militant union of students and workers, and toil for an old-fashioned "class struggle" revolution—a misreading of U.S. reality if there ever was one. The only agreement between the two major factions was that S.D.S. must now look beyond the campus if it hopes to survive.

Out with Capitalists. The first squabble inside the gloomy hall, often used as a wrestling arena, quickly showed the weakness of the S.D.S. regulars and the strength of the P.L.P., which had packed the convention with 700 well-drilled supporters. A motion backed by the central headquarters group, the national office, to admit reporters (after payment of \$25 and signing of a security pledge) was massively defeated by 90% of the delegates. The defeat was the first of a series of humiliations for National Secretary Michael Klonsky, 26, and Interorganizational Secretary Bernardine Dohrn, 27. The decision after an hour's debate was to bar the "capitalist press" and prohibit any news conferences during the convention.

Then, secure from prying eyes, except for the undetermined number of police and press infiltrators dotted throughout the hall, the delegates were free to tear S.D.S. apart—mostly in barely endurable rhetoric larded with phrases like "the right of self-determination for internal colonies." The real issue was which faction will determine the future course of S.D.S. Against the outmaneuvered and splintered regulars, who at one point quit the hall in disgust, the tightly organized P.L.P. was confident of victory. It may hardly be worth it. As Yippie Jerry Rubin lamented: "Whoever wins, loses."



WITTENBERG'S LAGOS
Three years to play with.

Summa Cum Velocitate

How can parents cope with the rising cost of college? Answer: raise a boy like Thomas Lagos, who has just saved his family thousands of dollars by breezing through Ohio's Wittenberg University in a single year. A Wittenberg faculty member said, "It's phenomenal, we've never seen anything like it here." Says his awed father, a Greek immigrant farmer: "Whatever Tommy do, he like to do fast."

No prodigy, Tom is a prodigious toiler who started taking college courses while still at Shawnee High School in Springfield, Ohio, trained himself to read 750 words a minute, and arrived at Wittenberg last fall having already earned 15½ of the 36 credits needed for graduation. During his combined freshman-senior year, Tom earned twelve more credit hours by taking exams in courses that he did not even attend, finished the remaining 8½ credits by the old-fashioned method of going to classes. Last week he graduated *summa cum laude* from Wittenberg with a straight-A average. "This way of going to college has all sorts of advantages," he says, "not the least of which is that I've got three more years of life to play with."

Tom is now headed for the University of Michigan law school on a full tuition scholarship, having rejected similar offers from three other top law schools—Duke, Chicago and Harvard. He hopes to become a lawyer (and future politician) as fast as he became a college graduate. For one thing, he has a family speed record to defend. Next fall his younger brother James will enter Wittenberg—with 20 out of the required 36 credits. If he maintains Tom's pace, James will also graduate in one year, but at the age of 18, compared with Tom's 19.



DOHRN & KLONSKY (FAR RIGHT)
As ragtag as Coxey's Army.

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RELIGION

EVANGELISM

Mellowing Magic

His blond hair is graying and, at 50, Billy Graham tells his audiences that he is "on the sunset side now." His right index finger still slices the air magnetically, and his resonant voice has lost little of its oratorical control. The Bible still hangs open in his big left hand as he moves back from the lectern, then up to it again. The message is as sternly fundamental as ever: "God says I command you to repent." Still, something was missing last week as Graham crusaded in Manhattan's new Madison Square Garden. Time and repetition have mellowed the fervor and intensity with which America's most successful evangelist once virtually pried sinners out of their seats to come forward and give themselves to Christ.

In the twelve years since Graham last crusaded in New York, he has become more than ever a national institution. His evangelical enterprises, including *Decision* magazine (circ. 3,500,000), run on a budget of more than \$15 million a year. Over the years, he has preached in person to more than 40 million people, and persuaded some 1,200,000 to declare their spiritual conversion to Christ. Last January, he offered a prayer at President Nixon's inaugural, and he prepared for the New York crusade in Nixon's Key Biscayne home. He has even won the friendship and support of Catholic prelates who once cautioned their flocks against attending his crusades. When Graham returned to New York for his second crusade, he thus had every reason to believe that he would attract more people than ever before.

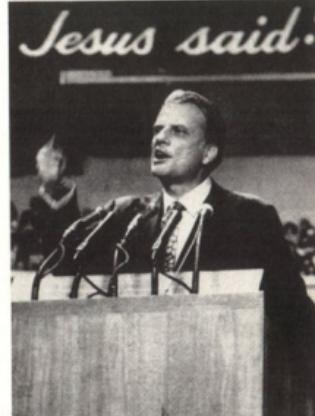
Saturation TV. Wisely, the evangelist did not try to compete with his own grueling performance of 1957, when he preached for 16 weeks straight, lost 30 pounds, and set an all-time attendance record (2,397,400) for the old Madison Square Garden. Instead, convinced that "TV is the only way to reach the non-churched," Graham and his team settled for a far smaller in-person crowd (some 200,000) during a ten-day crusade and concentrated on saturation TV coverage: one-hour condensations of the proceedings each night on 17 eastern television stations. He even used closed-circuit color TV inside the Garden to bring the proceedings to overflow crowds. Remarkably enough, a higher proportion of these listeners came forward to make "decisions for Christ" than in the Garden proper.

Either way, audiences saw a man whose magic is perhaps beginning to recede into his method. Part of the trouble may be that he is rusty; Graham himself complained that the ten days in the Garden, however demanding, hardly gave him time to warm up. And part of the trouble may be that he is

reaching too far for sophistication. One embarrassing slip suggested how scholarly allusions can misfire. When he mentioned "that great German philosopher, Goethe," Graham mispronounced his name to rhyme with *growth*.

One Blood. The topical touches were more successful when Graham stuck to familiar areas. In his traditional appeal to young people, he tried to be even more sympathetic than usual. He confessed amiably to one audience that his wife Ruth—who teaches Sunday school to hippie-esque students near their Montreal, N.C., home—had tried unsuccessfully to get him to grow a beard. As an innovation, the crusade sponsored

JAMES LIPKIN JR.—CAMERA 5



GRAHAM IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Receding into method.

an auditorium-sized psychedelic "coffeehouse" in a building a block from the Garden. There, longhaired groups blared "spiritual" rock, miniskirted girls sang on a platform, and listeners sipped soft drinks and talked with some of Graham's 1,000 counsellors about religion.

The most obvious new emphasis was on racial equality, an important point to an audience at least 25% non-white. "We're one blood," Billy told his crowds passionately. "If we have dark skin, it's because God made us that way. Let's accept it and be proud of it! Black is beautiful, white is beautiful, yellow is beautiful—when Christ is present." To those who came forward to accept Christ at Graham's call (between 800 and 1,000 each night), Billy's charge included a similar theme: "Go to a person of another race and make friends with him." To what extent such efforts will succeed remains to be seen. "I no longer feel I can change the world," Graham admitted last week. Nevertheless, he is clearly still trying.

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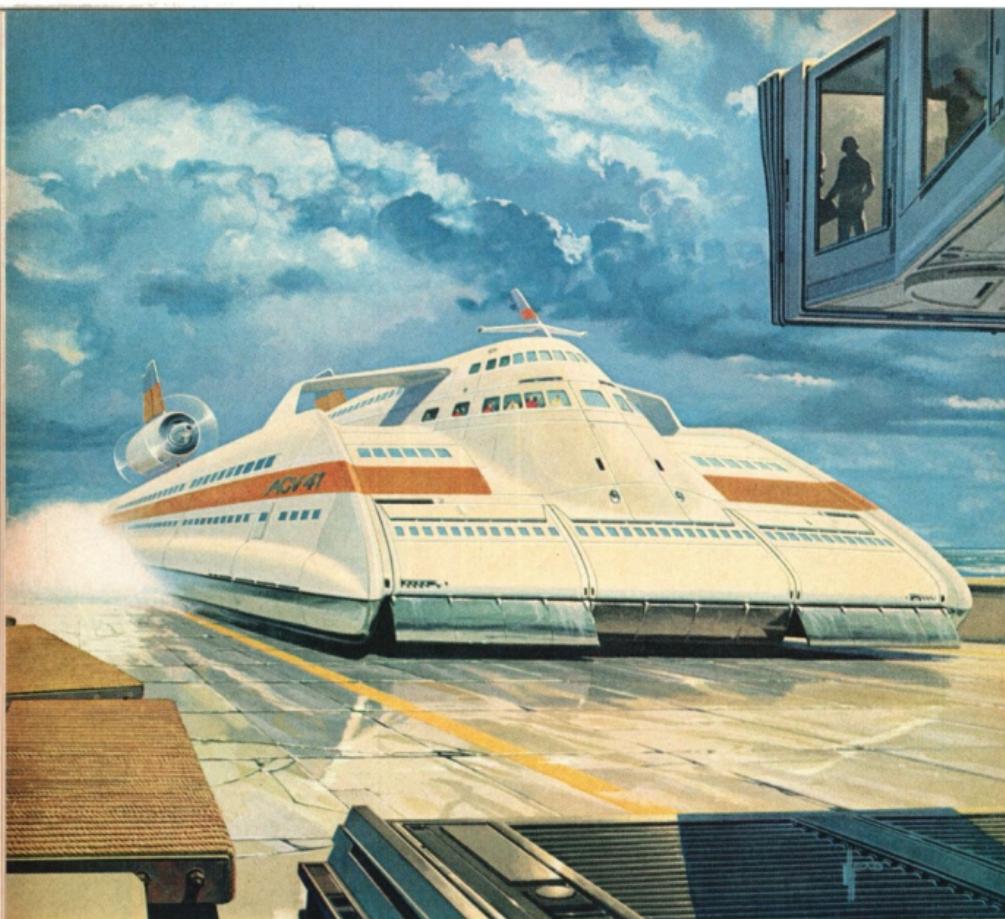


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ALCOA

SPORT

GOLF

The Unknown Soldier

As he threaded through the crowds on his way to the 18th tee at the Champions Golf Club in Houston last week, a drowsy-looking man in a tangerine shirt was halted by a marshal and sternly told: "Get behind the ropes, fella." No, no, another marshal whispered. "Let him through. He's one of the players." Minutes later Orville Moody became the player. He skied an 8-iron shot onto the green, tapped to within 14 in. of the cup and, without bothering to



MOODY AFTER WINNING PUTT

With a verse from Philippians.

line up the ball, sank his putt to win the 69th United States Open.

It was understandable that the paunchy 35-year-old Moody was mistaken for one of the spectators lining the fairways. In 1968, his first season on the pro circuit, he finished 103rd in the money rankings; this year, in each of his two qualifying rounds for the Open, he survived the cut by a single stroke. No matter. In a season when the likes of Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and Billy Casper were bested by such unknowns as Ken Still, Jim Colbert, Tom Shaw and Larry Hinson, Moody figured to have as good a chance as anyone in the wide Open. By copping the \$30,000 first prize, he became the ninth player this season to win his first Professional Golfers' Association tournament.

Too Loosy-Goosey. Son of a Chickasha, Okla., greenskeeper, Moody enlisted in the Army in 1954, spent the next 14 years in charge of various Army golf courses and teaching generals to lock their elbows on the backswing. "I

played a lot of golf, of course," says the ex-staff sergeant, "but lots of times I couldn't, because some colonel might see me and say 'What the hell is this?'"

Pro Golfer Mason Rudolph had a similar reaction when, as an Army private in 1958, he lost the All-Army tournament to Moody by one stroke. Stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, in 1967, Moody trounced three businessmen from nearby Killeen so regularly in high-stakes matches that they decided it might be cheaper to sponsor him on the pro circuit with a first-year guarantee of \$20,000 in expenses against 50% of his winnings. At first, it looked like a bad investment. After quitting the Army, Moody won only \$12,950 in his rookie season. Despondent, he went for advice to Jim Hiskey, a former tour golfer now assigned to the President's leadership and prayer breakfast program. "He directed me to the Bible," says Moody, a Baptist who never smokes, "and taught me to say things to myself so I won't get nervous."

Order from the Chief. Thus, says Moody, as he trudged through the final round last week, he kept repeating a verse from *Philippians*: "I can do all things through Christ." Other contenders muttered less inspiring words. Al Geiberger rallied with a string of birdies but failed to sustain his charge. Bob Rosburg lost the lead on the 18th green when he blew a 4-ft. putt. Deane Beman, the leader after 36 holes, faded with rounds described as "medium lousy."

Moody, on the other hand, played a steady, straight game that was perfectly attuned to the long, narrow fairways of the Champions course. He is long off the tee, and he uses an unorthodox, cross-handed style for putts because "I'm too loosey-goosey doing it the regular way." He was in trouble only once in the final round. On the 12th hole, his tee shot sailed into the pine trees and dropped in a sandy lie. He followed with his best stroke of the tournament, a lofting wedge shot that carried over a gaping bunker and rolled dead 3 ft. from the pin for an easy par. He finished with a 281 total, one stroke ahead of Geiberger, Rosburg and Beman.

Afterward, Hiskey telephoned and, says Moody, "spoke a prayer for me in hopes that my success wouldn't change me or spoil my outlook." The new Open winner also received a call from President Richard Nixon. "He said my winning was a great thing for this country," Moody recalls. "Not for the elite, but for the middle and lower classes. I don't know what he meant by that exactly." But he did understand the President's advice that he should remain a civilian rather than re-enlist in the Army, because "you are doing better where you are." That was one order from the Commander in Chief that the old sage, who stands to make several hundred thousand dollars in endorsements over the next year, was certain to carry out.

CHESS

Tigran and the Tiger

Most nights, Moscow's Estrada Theater is alive and kicking with song-and-dance troupes. For the past two months, though, sellout crowds have packed the old hall to watch two men sit for hours at a table, each exquisitely immobile except for an occasional flick of the wrist. A whole line of swiveling chorines could not have elicited more excitement than those flicks, for the event was the world championship of chess, the No. 1 sport and all-round mania of the Soviet Union.

The defending champion was wily Tigran Petrosian, the former street cleaner who swept through the ranks of top

HARRY REIS



SPASSKY CONTEMPLATING

Exquisite excitement in a wrist.

chess players to win the world title in 1963. The challenger was bold, brilliant Boris Spassky, who closeted himself with a psychologist for six months to get in shape for the match. Their championship contest was only the seventh held in the past 21 years. The fact that once again, as in the previous six title matches, both men were from the U.S.S.R.* attests to the country's domination of the game. In team play, the Soviets have won every World Team Championship, held biennially, since 1952.

Sentimental Favorite. At least 4,000,000 people in the Soviet Union play chess regularly, including 30 of the 85 players in the world who are ranked as international grandmasters, the equivalent of karate's black belt. Every town from Khabarovsk to Kiev has a chess club. Taxi drivers vent their pent-up hostilities across the boards during lunch breaks. City parks teem with chess hus-

* America's lone hope, Bobby Fischer, 26, again lived up to his reputation as the Brooklyn bad boy by dropping out of the preliminaries in a dispute over scheduling.

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STATISTICS: LABOR DEPARTMENT CONSUMER PRICE INDEX

tters. Soviet children, who learn the game in Young Pioneer youth groups, argue Sicilian defenses and queen's gambits with the same passion that American kids show when they talk about double plays and quarterback sneaks. Professionals of the caliber of Petrosian and Spassky, both of whom are paid handsomely as the coaches of trade-union teams, are recognized on the street wherever they go and asked advice about chess tactics.

Petrosian, an affable, absentminded man, was the sentimental favorite. His fellow Armenians kept their champion supplied with fresh cherries from home to bolster his diet and cheered him so boisterously at one point that authorities had to draw the curtains on the stage to allow the competitors to concentrate. Petrosian, who likes to stroll about or read the newspaper between moves in less important matches, slipped off to watch a hockey game between championship rounds, a practice unheard of for competing chess champions, who supposedly must keep their minds riveted to the board.

Spassky, after losing to Petrosian in the 1966 title match, was tautly primed for a comeback. While working his way through three years of preliminary matches, he swam daily laps and boned up on *Psychological Analysis of a Chess Player's Thought* by Nikolai Krogius, his mentor. Nonetheless, in the opening match of the 24-game title series, he inadvertently touched the wrong piece and, obliged by the rules to move it, lost the game.

Crushing the Crocodile. Capitalizing on his strong, versatile middle game, Spassky rallied to win the fourth, fifth and eighth games and go ahead by the score of 5 to 3 (players receive one point for each game they win, $\frac{1}{2}$ point for a draw). The Armenians in the audience moaned. Said one official: "It was like the funeral of a father." Then Petrosian rallied. Baffling Spassky with his impenetrable defenses, he tied the score at 6 to 6. For the next six games, the contest was a standoff; one expert described it as a battle between "the young tiger who jumps on his prey and the old crocodile who waits for the right moment for the decisive blow." Then, in the crucial 19th game, Spassky quickly went to the attack and, with a flurry of brilliant closing moves, crushed the old crocodile.

Grandmasters covering the matches on TV and radio shook their heads. "As in any sport," said one authority, "age is the single most important factor in chess. At 32, Spassky is able to maintain that slight edge of sharpness that makes the difference at the very summit." Petrosian, visibly weary from the two-month grind, fell farther behind and eventually lost by a score of 12½ to 10½. One morning last week, the two contenders met at the Moscow Chess Club to sign a document that signified Spassky was the new world champion. It was Petrosian's 40th birthday.



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NEW YORK'S DELACORTE FOUNTAIN
Splashing one yet.

MEMORIALS

Giving a Geyser

Some men bid for immortality with a simple statue or park bench that bears their name, or by endowing a university chair or a foundation. Not George T. Delacorte. The 76-year-old founder of the Dell Publishing Co. seeks to perpetuate his memory in a more spectacular way: through a series of monuments, each splashier than the last. The splashiest to date is the Delacorte Geyser at the tip of Manhattan's Welfare Island, which was tested last week for the first time.

Its cost—\$350,000—was high. But then so is the fountain, which is designed to shoot a steady stream of water 60 ft. up into the air. It is, in fact, the highest in the world. (Switzerland's Jet d'Eau, rising 426 ft. out of Lake Geneva, provided the inspiration.)

Despite the extravagant quality of Delacorte's "gift to the city," the city was somewhat less than grateful. The *New York Times* cited crucial needs that the money might have better served, instead of going "literally down the drain," and wrote off the donor as "the wrong-way Corrigan of New York philanthropy." Delacorte paid no mind. "The fountain," he said last week, "is my greatest landmark."

Some might disagree. Delacorte's Alice in Wonderland statue, built as a tribute to his late wife in 1959, is so popular a children's roosting spot in Central Park that it requires some \$150,000 per year for maintenance. The Delacorte Theater, completed with the aid of \$150,000 from the philanthropist, is the site of New York's annual free Shakespeare

festivals. Another Delacorte gift, the Central Park Zoo's animated clock, is designed in the form of an animal carousel. As its base revolves to glockenspiel music, the clock chimes one of 32 nursery rhymes on the quarter-hour and sends a comical beast dancing every half hour.

Delacorte, a self-made millionaire, has six children and 20 grandchildren who are well-provided for, he says, in his wife's will; he himself believes that "leaving money to a child hurts more than it helps." The controversy over his fountain notwithstanding, he plans to continue his donations to the city he loves. "I was born and raised in New York," he says, "made my money in New York, and now I want to give my money back to New York."

MANNERS AND MORALS

Everything's Up to Date

In Lida Junction

Nevadans have always clung to mildly iconoclastic notions about what is and what isn't a vice. Gambling is legal in Nevada; everybody knows that. Less well known is the fact that prostitution is also tolerated in 15 out of the state's 17 counties.* In such communities as Elko, Esmeralda and Nye, the brothel is practically an institution, like the corner drugstore and the county courthouse. Overall, one involved Nevadan opines, there are 30 to 40 brothels, with seven to ten girls apiece, in the 15 permissive counties. The opulence (or lack of it) of these industries, and the beauty and skill of the inhabitants, are grounds for civic pride (or concern). One year, the town fathers of Wells noted that visitors seemed to be having trouble locating the red-light district, so they helpfully installed directional signs. When reactionary residents of one town kicked up a fuss because a house of ill repute was operating next door to the local school, the town newspaper editorialized: "Don't move the house. Move the school." The school was moved.

The bordello business currently seems to be booming. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "prostitution is one of the biggest industries in rural Nevada." State officials are appropriately heavy-lidded as long as appropriate taxes are paid. "I can't tell you anything about prostitution in Nevada," Attorney General Harvey Dickerson told Reporter Charles Hillinger. "I personally don't interfere with it where it exists." One of the "wheres" is Lida Junction on Highway 95, about midway between Reno and Las Vegas. Lida Junction cannot be found on most road maps; it consists of an airstrip and a house trailer with a sign reading "Cottontail Ranch." It is, in fact, in a community with only one visible means of support.

* Exceptions: Washoe County, which includes Reno, and Clark County, site of Las Vegas.

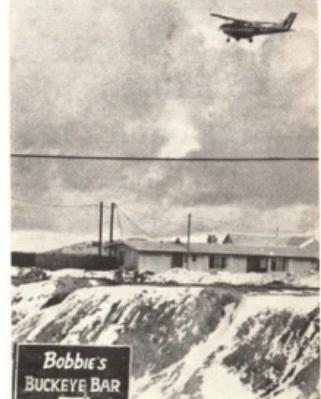
MODERN LIVING

"Hi, fellas, how about a drink?" beams the trailer's "landlady," Beverly Richards, as a group of strangers walk in. While she pours the liquor, four scantily clad girls appear. "Make a selection, fellas," booms Beverly. Cottontail Ranch is simply one of the newer twists in the oldest profession: a fly-in brothel.

The "ranch" even has air service. Owned by Rick Blakemore, an unpaid deputy sheriff of Nye County, Mustang Air Service operates two Cessna 206s on the run between Las Vegas and Tonopah, making seven stops en route at bordellos like Cottontail Ranch. In addition to transporting Johns named Smith, "I fly the girls to and from the houses and take the doctor and the county health officer on regular Saturday inspection tours," says Blakemore. He performs other official functions, like fingerprinting the prostitutes in each brothel for the sheriff's office files. "This is a dirty, rotten business," he cheerfully admits. "There is no moral way to justify it. We're not trying to sell it. We're just trying to keep it under control."

The price of a sojourn at Cottontail Ranch averages \$20. The four prostitutes range in age from 22 to 24, are on call twelve hours a day, and split their earnings with Landlady Richards. "When business is slow," says one girl, "we read a lot. Sometimes we play Scrabble. Every day Beverly leads us in calisthenics." But business is rarely slow, according to federal tax agents, who monitor the books. "It's a real challenge for our agents," says J. C. Muyres, Internal Revenue Service official in Las Vegas. "The houses are cash operations with no set prices. I don't know of any that accept credit cards."

FRANK G. BROWN, LOS ANGELES TIMES



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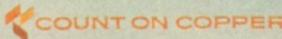
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MEDICINE

DIAGNOSIS

Revealing Palm Lines

Medical researchers are finding valuable diagnostic clues in what would seem to be an unlikely place—the hollow of an infant's hand. Certain abnormalities in palm lines and fingerprint patterns can alert pediatric cardiologists to the existence of inborn heart defects, including those that develop in the womb, perhaps from a maternal infection such as rubella. Other aberrant patterns may indicate to specialists in the science of dermatoglyphics (literally, "skin carvings") the presence of Down's syndrome (mongolism) and other chromosomal disorders. Now, researchers have discovered that some unusual palm lines signal the possibility of childhood leukemia.

Formed in the Womb. The patterns of fingerprints and the fine lines on the palm are established by the fourth month of life in the womb. The more conspicuous "flexion creases" (the palmette's "heart, head and life lines") are formed a month or two earlier. In normal palms, the heart and head lines are separate and distinct, and neither extends clear across the palm. In many victims of mongolism and of prenatal rubella, however, they are replaced by a single "simian crease," like that on a monkey's palm. At the Children's Medical Research Foundation in Sydney, Australia, Dr. Margaret A. Menser and S. G. Purvis-Smith found another abnormality. In this, an extended head line becomes a simianlike crease, slanting across the palm but leaving a separate heart line. Somewhat chauvinistically, they called it the "Sydney line," although other diagnosticians claim to have observed and described it earlier.

Writing in the British medical weekly *Lancet*, the investigators describe the palm lines of 100 normal children and how they compare with those of 25 children with acute or chronic leukemia. Thirty-six percent of the leukemic children had either a simian or a Sydney line in one or both palms, as against

only 13% of the normals. Victims of genetically determined mongolism are notoriously susceptible to leukemia. Oddly, identical patterns appear in the palms of the mongoloid children and in those of rubella-damaged babies. The reason, according to the Australian researchers, may be that some fetuses are genetically predisposed either to leukemia, or to suffer unusually severe damage from a maternal viral infection. Such damage, they suggest, may manifest itself a few years later as leukemia.

VIROLOGY

Drugs v. Vaccines

Most researchers seek to conquer viral infections by vaccination, and their record has been impressive. A dozen major diseases caused by viruses have virtually succumbed to vaccines, including smallpox, yellow fever, polio and measles; rubella may be next (*TIME*, June 20). Some investigators, on the other hand, believe that drugs, not vaccines, will eventually conquer many other viral afflictions. Yet when the drug proponents met last week at a Manhattan symposium sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, they were dispirited and disaffected. The vaccinators, complained Co-Chairman Ernest C. Herrmann Jr. of the Mayo Clinic, have hogged not only the limelight but also the available funds, thereby inhibiting the development of potentially valuable antiviral drugs.

Two drugs are recognized as highly effective against specific viral diseases: idoxuridine (IUDR) for corneal infections caused by the fever-blister virus, and methisazone against smallpox. What exercised the virologists most last week was a third chemical, amantadine, an anti-influenza drug that the Food and Drug Administration has licensed, but under strict controls. Trade-named Symmetrel by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., amantadine does not cure a full-blown case of flu. But it may prevent infection if taken before exposure, and mitigate the illness if taken early enough

LANCET, MAY 31, 1969



SMORODINTSEV

Glowing testimonial to the value.

afterward. The trouble with amantadine is that it can produce insomnia, nervousness and light-headedness, especially in older people, who would then be liable to injury from falls.

Amantadine's effectiveness seems to be confined to the Asian A-2 strains of influenza virus. Last winter the U.S. Public Health Service, troubled by the drug's side effects, refused to approve its use against the newly emerging Hong Kong strain of A-2. The stated reason was that its value had not been proved—though virologists complained at the Manhattan meeting that this was a disingenuous quibble. It could have been predicted, they said, that amantadine would prove as effective against the Hong Kong strain as it was against other A-2s.

Narrow Range. The most glowing testimonial to amantadine's value came, ironically, from the U.S.S.R.'s most famous vaccine developer, Dr. Anatoli A. Smorodintsev. The drug was given, he reported, in reduced doses of 100 mg. daily to 10,000 Russians in Leningrad, a flu epidemic area. Half of them did not develop flu at all; most of those who did had cases that were milder than average. According to Smorodintsev, the side effects were negligible—though Soviet researchers have been known to soft-pedal side effects before.

Proponents of antiviral drugs concede that a single agent, such as amantadine, is effective only against a narrow range of infections. But, they point out, that is also true of vaccines. Yet a hundred or more different viruses cause what is loosely called the common cold, and many more are responsible for other upper respiratory infections. For all virologists, the hope is that the laboratories will eventually yield antiviral agents, whether drugs or vaccines, that are more broadly effective.



SIMIAN CREASE



NORMAL PALM



SYDNEY LINE

More than just heart, head and life.

MUSIC

ROCK

Lean, Clean and Bluesy

Unlike many rock groups today, the Creedence Clearwater Revival is not much interested in talking up a revolution. Its four clean-cut, plaid-shirted members prefer to sing songs about where they came from and about problems among people, not social movements. As performers, they come on with a simple, bluesy, rhythmic, straight-ahead sound. That's not bad. San Francisco-based Creedence is riding the crest of today's strongest pop wave—blues-oriented rock. The group's first single, *Susie Q.*, rose to No. 11 on the *Billboard* charts last fall. *Proud Mary* was hit No. 2 in March, and the group's latest single, *Bad Moon Rising*, rose this week from No. 3 to No. 2. At recent concert dates, Creedence has been packing the crowds in with its lean, masculine sound, impeccable instrumental style and express-track delivery.

How the boys chose the name for their group tells much about them. Lead Singer John Fogerty, who writes most of their material, got his musical inspiration from Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley records. He learned chords from a Burl Ives songbook. Doug Clifford didn't even know how to play drums when John invited him to join. He converted a pair of old pool cues into drumsticks on a school lathe, bought a snare drum and began practicing. That was a decade ago, when they were 13 and schoolboys in suburban El Cerrito, Calif. With Stu Cook on piano and John's brother Tom on bass guitar, they began as the Blue Velvets, complete with greasy hair, ducktails and matching outfits. Their stuff, as John admits now, was "pure drivel." Then they became The Gollwogs because their manager at the time thought they needed a Beatle-ish name.

Always Ashamed. When John came out of the Army in June 1967, they practiced together for six months and pooled their resources. Early last year they were ready for a new career and a new name: Creedence (a blend of creed and credence, indicating their belief in themselves) Clearwater ("Something deep, true and pure, through which the light always shines," says John), and Revival symbolizing their new direction.

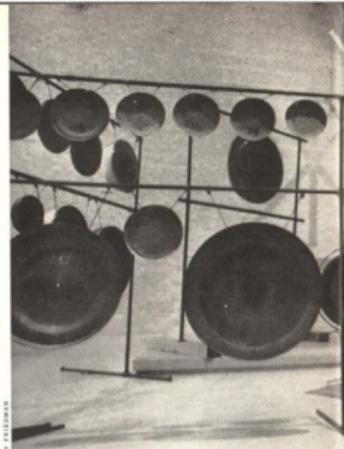
That they play the blues is no accident. John grew up in an atmosphere of constant family fights; when he was nine, his father left home for good. "I was always ashamed," John recalls. "I never brought my friends home. My room was in the basement—cement floor, cement walls. I just grabbed music and withdrew." Some of that anguish comes out in John's song *Porterville*, which he belts out with a soulful Negroid delivery:

*They came and took my dad away,
to serve some time.
But it was me that paid the debt
He left behind.
Folks said I was full of sin
Because I was the next of kin.*

The inspiration for *The Working Man* came from outside jobs the boys had to take while the band was floundering:

*I was born on a Sunday
By Thursday I had me a job . . .
Don't take me on Friday
'Cause that's when I get paid
Let me die on Saturday night
Before Sunday gets my head.*

A year ago, they were making only \$30 a night from occasional club dates in the Bay Area. These days they get as much as \$30,000 a night; all of it goes into a communal kitty. Now and then one of them buys a color TV set, but mostly they are socking away their



TIME PLAYING TIBETAN
Ever wider range and

new wealth and trying not to think too much about it lest it give them high-flown ideas. "I see things through lower-class eyes," says John. "If you sit around and think about all that money, you can never write a song about where you came from."

COMPOSERS

Symphony of One

A lithe figure moves barefoot through the semidarkness of a candlelit hall, stroking an outlandish array of gongs, cymbals, chimes and timpani. Amid the swelling percussion, a bamboo flute emits a low plaint. Sound ebbs and flows, rising to a crescendo, then dwindling to mystic silence.

A concert of "Spontaneous Sound" by Christopher Tree nearly always creates a mood of tranquility and introspection, whether it be given in a bar or behind bars. From Kenny's Pub in Manhattan to California's San Quentin Prison, Tree has mesmerized audiences with the elemental tones he coaxes from his collection of almost 200 percussion and wind instruments. No two concerts are exactly the same. Tree shuns structure—and with it harmony and most other Western musical conventions—in favor of impulse. "Spontaneity is the essence of the creative act," he says. "Spontaneous music is much more vital than other music because it is actually happening."

Depending on his mood or that of the audience, Tree is apt to walk down an aisle, rhythmically striking a gong or gently shaking a pair of copper baby rattles from Japan. Onstage, he may build a sonorous tremolo of several gongs, mixing in a tinkling of glass chimes or a booming thunderclap of timpani. At times he pauses, changes mood, and elicits long, random notes from a homemade North African-style flute or dramatically raises a six-foot Tibetan temple horn and blows a resounding blast. The concert is



CREEDENCE AT MANHATTAN'S FILLMORE EAST
The name tells the story.



HORN IN MANHATTAN CHAPEL
spontaneity by the ton.

over when Tree feels it should end, sometimes after 45 minutes, sometimes after an hour and a half (which most professional critics find a bit too long). Tree simply walks away. His audience is often so immersed in reverie that it forgets to applaud.

Dropout Drummer. Now back in his native New York City after having lived in Los Angeles, Tree, 37, has recently appeared in such diverse places as the Electric Circus, an avant-garde nightspot, and Wall Street's Trinity Church. He has played for museums and colleges, women's clubs and love-ins. He gives many concerts in hospitals, prisons and schools for handicapped children, where his music often has a therapeutic effect. When he played for the children of a school for the deaf in Los Angeles, they reacted with smiles, laughter and expressions of awe, calling him back for two encores. In ways that are not fully understood by doctors, the emotional response to his primal sounds—the musical equivalent of finger painting—has even aided retarded children in learning to sing.

Shy and boyish, Tree sports a luxuriant beard and performs in corduroy jeans and an open-necked shirt. He has never had formal musical training. His interest in music began 16 years ago, when he learned to play a friend's drum after dropping out of Los Angeles City College. He began giving concerts four years ago. To support himself and pay for his 1,000 lbs. of musical instruments—many of his gongs are on loan from the Santa Barbara Museum—he has worked as a laborer, office clerk and house painter. Despite his meager income from an average of three concerts a week, Tree envisages adding more instruments to create a wider range of sound. Eventually, he hopes to build a concert hall to his own specifications. The hall, as Tree plans it, would resonate sufficiently to serve as a musical instrument itself.

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Nude Frontier

There is a kind of reverse snobism in the theater these days in which the drawing room apes the gutter and nudity is the ultimate in chic. Such plays can be crude (*Che!*), deviant (*Geese*) or playful (*Hair*). For a good part of the evening, *Oh! Calcutta!* is diverting and civilized, though it scarcely provides the "elegant erotica" that Kenneth Tynan promised when he devised the show. Far from being a sexual stimulant, *Oh! Calcutta!* is an anaphrodisiac.

So much word-of-mouth stimulation preceded opening night as to make the evening almost anticlimactic. The rumor was that *Oh! Calcutta!*, appropriately housed in an off-Broadway theater renamed Eden, would be a nude frontier in permissive theater. In an anticipatory dither, sophisticated and not so sophisticated New Yorkers rushed to the box office to make the show's 41 previews sellouts. They verified the rumor. *Oh! Calcutta!* is the nudest show outside a nudist camp. Though the top price on the scale is \$7.50 for an orchestra seat, scalpers have collected \$20 and more. On July 8th the box-office price goes to \$15, and the following month to \$25. That will make *Oh! Calcutta!* the highest-priced show on or off Broadway. With more than \$103,000 in advance sales already made, Hillard Elkins is living the producer's dream—which is not to give a four-letter word about the critics' reviews. Less than five years ago, legal obstacles and moral outrages would have prevented Elkins from even opening the show, but none have currently been raised.

The format of *Oh! Calcutta!* is rath-

er like that of short short stories and cartoons strung together in the revue fashion of a supper-club show. Though the program does not say who wrote what, the playwrights include Samuel Beckett, Dan Greenburg, Jules Feiffer, John Lennon, Leonard Melfi, Sam Shepard, Tynan himself, and others. Their playlets will doubtless enhance their royalties if not their reputations.

Volunteers for Science. One convulsively funny item is a spoof on the measurement of human sexual responses. Two volunteers for science strip to the buff, are maneuvered into position on a wheeled table and plastered with sensing devices. These are wired to a console that lights up like a berserk jukebox as the couple begins intercourse. To complete the burlesque, a Harpo Marx-ish doctor hovers around, fearing at the pair with the added cyclopean eye of a dental mirror. Other skits treat oral sex and masturbatory fantasies with sportive humor, and the sprinkling of quadrilaterals beginning with the letters *f*, *c*, and *s* are more festive than aggressive. A dance of love has the very sensuousness of a *pas de deux* performed under the moon, and Director Jacques Levy elicits cast responses that are fluid, intimate, and disciplined.

Oh! Calcutta! not only offers the most nudity but the handsomest nudes on the New York stage, trim-muscled men and lovely girls. Why does it fail to stimulate eroticism? The answer is that no member of a theater audience is unaware of the rest of the audience, and this communal group consciousness inhibits erotic response. If it gets a minus on eroticism, *Oh! Calcutta!* gets two plusses for the laughter it evokes and its rousing celebration of the body beautiful.

MICHAEL CHILDERS—CAMERA 2



DANCING SCENE IN "OH! CALCUTTA!"
Anaphrodisiac in Eden.

ART

PAINTING

The New Ancestors

No avant-garde art movement has ever won such instant recognition—and evoked such instant outrage—as did Abstract Expressionism, the movement that sprang from the lofts of downtown Manhattan and the studios at the far tip of Long Island in the turbulent years after World War II. Its trademark was a photograph of Jackson Pollock, intently swirling skeins of paint from a stick onto a canvas laid flat on a floor. "The most powerful painter in contemporary America," declared Critic Clement Greenberg. "Chaos . . . wallpaper . . . an elaborate if meaningless tangle of cordage and smears," complained the more conventional commentators.

Today Abstract Expressionists enjoy the status, both esthetic and financial, of old masters. And like old masters, they have been declared dead by the brashest of the avant-garde. But they changed the course of art. Whether for better or worse is arguable; that they did, is uncontested.

But nowhere can these Abstract Expressionists be seen as a group. Last week Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art opened a show that aspired both to re-examine the movement's range and, by implication, to plead for more space to make a permanent shrine for this radical movement that first established U.S. leadership in the world of art. In a reproachful sentence intended to inspire donations to its building fund, the museum's press releases note that all the works belong to the museum or have

been promised to it, but have mostly not been displayed for lack of space.

Explosion of Spirit. Just what was this movement that unhinged years of European confidence in its own authority as custodian of Western culture? Curator William Rubin, who assembled the show, carefully avoids either the term Abstract Expressionism or Object Painting. He settles for the title "The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation." The catalogue defines the school as those artists who shared "common goals, a common revolutionary *élan*, a common disengagement from middle-class values." They were determined to challenge modernist European tradition, and the



CLYFFORD STILL
United by the exuberance.

year interlude of the war had proved they were no longer dependent on it. What resulted was an enormous explosion of spirit that was peculiarly American.

As the show demonstrates, the major figures were highly individual artists. Perhaps their only unifying characteristic was exuberance—exuberance of size, exuberance of gesture. Instead of the carefully calculated stroke, there was the swirl of Pollock's drip paintings, the splattered brilliance of Willem de Kooning's terrifying women. Franz Kline's huge black-on-white compositions showed no more sophistication than a Chinese ideograph, but they conveyed the energy of the man that made them—and commanded a whole wall rather than a corner of a scroll. The smoldering color clouds of Mark Rothko drew a viewer in like a smoke-filled room, where unidentified objects lurk just beyond the eye's peripheral vision.



JACKSON POLLOCK
Automated by the unconscious.

Barnett Newman used huge canvases to state the most starkly simple images—a vertical white line on a towering black canvas, for instance.

Because the paintings of these founding fathers were mostly abstract, art historians have generally argued that Abstract Expressionism was a descendant of analytical Cubism, or the abstractionism of Russia's Wassily Kandinsky. Curator Rubin argues that the style's most immediate ancestor is Surrealism. His case is convincing.

Gathered penniless in New York in the politically volatile 1930s, artists boned up like magpies on a dozen different artistic idioms, haunting museums and devouring books when not studying at the Art Students League. Arshile Gorky, the Armenian refugee, was initially a devotee of Ingres, Léger, Matisse, Cézanne and Kandinsky. Robert Motherwell drew much of his inspiration from Matisse. De Kooning, the Dutch immigrant, was closer to Cubism and de Stijl; Pollock, the shy Westerner, studied under Thomas Hart Benton, and was influenced by Mexico's David Alfaro Siqueiros and José Clemente Orozco. They all talked—and talked. Critic Thomas Hess observes that "a long, chaotic, brilliant, funny conversation about art began in the mid-1930s and continued for more than 20 years."

Surrealism soon became a principal topic of conversation. The surrealist émigrés from Europe (Roberto Matta, André Masson, Max Ernst) arrived during World War II, and their intellectual intensity impressed the Americans. Some, including Motherwell and David Hare, worked with the surrealists and published in their small magazines. Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery gave many of the "new American pioneers" their first one-man shows.

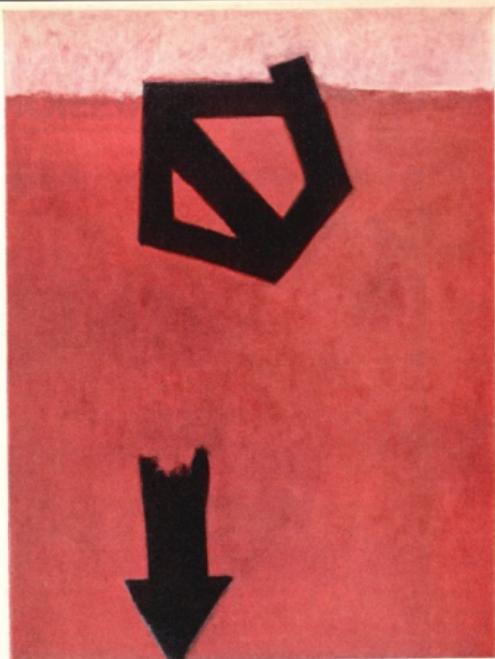
Gorky became rather more a surreal-

ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM REVISITED



Jackson Pollock: *Full Fathom Five* (1947)

Adolph Gottlieb:
Descending Arrow (1956)



ADOLPH GOTTLIEB DESCENDING ARROW 1956 © MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Arshile Gorky: Agony (1947)



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, A. CONGDON GOODYEAR FUND

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, PROMISED GIFT OF MRS. MARK ROTHKO



Mark Rothko: *Magenta, Black, Green on Orange* (1949)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. PROMISED GIFT OF ANONYMOUS DONOR



Clyfford Still: 1947-J

Clyfford Still

ist than anything else. His canvases seethed with strange, diseased, weirdly colored, biomorphic forms that hover in a mindless galaxy halfway between flower and viscera. *Agony* was completed in 1947 and reflects several personal catastrophes, past, present and to come. The burning down of his Connecticut studio, a cancer operation and a crippling automobile accident ultimately led Gorky to take his own life.

Lingering Symbols. The dream totems and the enigmatic pictographs of the early canvases of Adolph Gottlieb, Pollock and Rothko also betrayed surrealist origin. As Curator Rubin observes, the moody, poetic, apocalyptic spirit that broods over explicitly surrealistic pictures lingers in the later, totally abstract canvases of these same artists. To emphasize this point, Rothko's *Magenta, Black, Green on Orange* is placed in a small, partially darkened, melancholy chapel-like gallery, while the spiky Gothic tracery of Clyfford Still's painting, *1947-J* shares a gallery with four other Stills—and a spiky Gothic metal sculpture by Theodore Roszak. Gottlieb's cryptic *Descending Arrow* hovers in a cerise dream world, halfway between traffic sign and sexual symbol.

Pollock in particular borrowed the surrealists' "automatic" technique of letting the unconscious direct the brush. The single room in which 15 of the museum's Pollocks are displayed is easily the highlight of the far-ranging exhibition.

From the beginning of his life, as the son of a ne'er-do-well West Coast farmer, Pollock seems to have been a depressed soul. "This so-called happy part of one's life, youth, to me is a bit of damnable hell," he confessed at the age of 18. Throughout his later life, he fought a constant battle with drink, miserably shy when sober, painfully rambling when drunk.

Sea Change. Yet somehow, particularly between 1946 and 1950, he produced a series of magnificent canvases, whirligs of dazzling and dizzying balance.

"Most modern painters," Pollock once said, "work from within. The unconscious is a very important side of modern art." No other artist has ever utilized the unconscious as brilliantly as he. *Full Fathom Five* is not the largest or most significant Pollock at the current exhibition, but it has a special fascination, for it contains an embryo of the later paintings of Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns. Its panorama of steely swirls is underlaid with nails, cigarettes, tacks, buttons and other detritus—yet all made lovely, as it were, by lying drowned at the bottom of a sea of paint, vividly evocative of Ariel's song in *The Tempest*:

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change . . .
Into something rich and strange.*

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THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

Return of the Gossip

As I rang the doorbell of the five-bedroom, Spanish-style Beverly Hills house, I braced myself for ghosts. The previous owner, Clifton Webb, reputedly never really moved out. Then, too, I half expected the ghost of Hedda Hopper to come at me with a hatpin. Instead I was greeted by Hedda's spiritual [as it were] successor, Joyce Haber, Hollywood's new No. 1 voyeur. I was ushered past an epoxy statue by Frank Gallo of a naked girl [Joyce likes to strip people naked] and a Tony Curtis

intelligent, more accurate—and often more malicious—than her predecessors.

Her column carries the usual trivia about Who Wore What to Whose Party. Although many of her trade items intrigue only insiders, they reflect professional savvy. Above all, she publishes tidbits about twosomes (or threesomes or foursomes) that even today's permissive society still finds at least mildly tantalizing.

"Hedda Haber," as she is known in some quarters, often employs the "blind" gossip item, using initials that have meaning in Hollywood and whet curiosity elsewhere. The device makes

CURT GUTHRIE—CAMERA 8



HABER (SECOND FROM LEFT) ENTERTAINING AT HOME*

More intelligent, more accurate, more malicious.

box made especially for Joyce and featuring an old fashioned toilet chain.

At 38, Miss Haber was trim enough to show her Donald Brooks suit off to best advantage, but her blue eyes had long since lost their little-girl luminosity; it was almost as if they had already seen so much they had turned to marble. Her face had that blowsy, drowsy look, the kind people get when they have slept too long, or not at all. These nights, sleep is scarce. Plopping down on a two-seater sofa in her workroom, Joyce explained: "This is really a Hide-A-Bed. I have to get up at 5:30 to do my column; so I sleep out here instead of bothering my husband. The messenger from the Times comes at 8:30."

Thus reported TIME Correspondent Jon Larsen on his encounter with the woman who is responsible for reviving a dying institution—the Hollywood gossip column. Even before Louella Parsons' retirement in 1965 and Hedda Hopper's death in 1966, movieland chatter seemed to have lost its appeal. Did anyone really care any longer about those dreary Hollywood divorces and adulteries? Still, Haber's column, syndicated for little more than a year and now running in 93 newspapers, has won a sizable general readership as well as the respect and fear of cinematic celebrities. For good reason. Haber is more

some of her columns look like alphabet soup. But, she insists, "the public loves to guess." In one of her columns, she told how "Miss PP" (for Prim and Proper) berated "Mr. VV" (Visually Virile) for what she called "his on-screen presence" while shooting a picture. "But I'm the leading lady, dear," the actress was reported to have remarked to her co-star. To many in Hollywood, the initials meant Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson. If most of her items involve sex, well, explains Joyce, "I value things that are offbeat, and I guess a lot of offbeat things are sexual."

Wall-to-Wall Hips. For the *Times'* Sunday supplement, Haber usually does interviews expanded by well-researched background material. Often sympathetic, especially about her favorites, she can also be sarcastic, as she showed when she cut up Julie Andrews: "There is a kind of flowering dullness about her, a boredom in rosy bloom—she is about as seductive as the average waitress at a teahouse." At times, she can be downright mean. Melina Mercouri, she reported, "had wall-to-wall hips, an ear-to-ear mouth, and more teeth than a pretzel has salt." Occasionally, the sarcasm cuts closer to home. Before she married Douglas Cramer, who is now

* Guests Jill St. John (left), Tony and Penny Curtis (right).

head of TV production at Paramount, in 1966, Joyce described him in her column as "the kind of man who takes traveler's checks to Santa Barbara."

Some of her victims wish they had a column in which to call her something like Miss VV (Vile and Vicious) or BB (Biting and Bitchy). Sweet Julie Andrews drops her Mary Poppins mask and says of Haber: "She needs open-heart surgery—and they should go in through her feet." Director Blake Edwards charges that "Haber's writing is so blatantly vicious and her motivation is so determined that she really adds up to a psychiatric case."

Such animosity does not keep her from all the best parties, a rich source of Hollywood dirt, and she does not let her readers forget it. "You sort of get the impression that most parties Joyce writes about are being given for her," says one student of her column. "Not that she thinks so, but so many people are coming up to her to say this or that or sitting next to her (Joyce does not sit next to people; they sit next to her) that you get the feeling she must be the most important person there. It is a little like following the adventures of Mary Worth's niece, who is making it in Hollywood."

Columnist Haber has a sure instinct for social snobbery. As she analyzes it, Hollywood has two kinds of parties: "A" and "B". An A party is served by the host's staff, starts at 9 p.m., and calls for either no tie or black tie. A B party is catered by Chasen's, starts at 7:30, requires a dark suit and has a receiving line. As for her own parties, they are a mixture that rates above B+.

Double Check. The daughter of a Philco executive who died in 1942, Joyce Haber is a product of Manhattan's Brearley school for girls and Barnard College. Although her judgment is erratic (she put *Candy* on her list of last year's ten best movies), she learned as a researcher and Los Angeles correspondent for *TIME* from 1953 to 1966 to double-check her facts. She now earns nearly \$50,000 from the *Times* and the syndicate, but claims, weepishly, that this only puts her and Husband Doug into a higher tax bracket, so "the column is really an indulgence." Still, she has just indulged herself further by signing to do another column for *Motion Picture* magazine for an additional \$12,000 a year.

Every top Hollywood columnist needs a rival with whom to feud, and Haber has found one in Rona Barrett, a TV gossipist for the Metromedia stations. She watches the Barrett show with competitive pride. "Oh, that's all wrong," Haber will scoff at one of Rona's items. Or "I had that but didn't use it." In her success, Haber may face a danger. It was she who wrote in an unkind piece on Barbra Streisand: "Once you are a superstar, there are two choices open to you: you can become a bore or a monster." As she climbs into celebrity status, Columnist Haber is determined not to become a bore.



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TELEVISION

SPECIALS

Talking Up to Children

One of the more improbable ways to produce a TV program would be to arm 75 children with super-8-mm. movie cameras and a supply of film, give them brief operating instructions and send them out into the world to shoot whatever subjects they choose. Yet that is exactly what NBC's *Children's Theater* did last April in one of TV's more imaginative experiments. The result was as remarkable as the concept: this week's television production of "As I See It," a stunningly perceptive child's-eye view

Enhanced by Bill Cosby's performance as host, the hour-long *Children's Theater* special concentrated on segments of the film shot by ten fledgling cameramen, aged 5½ to 12. In the best sequence, Eddie Betancourt, the 12-year-old son of a farm worker, created a haunting atmosphere by juxtaposing scenes of living and dead birds encountered on his photographic tour. Christopher Merry, a charming six-year-old from Los Angeles, used both his own drawings and shots of lush foliage to make a delightful film about an imaginary island he would some day like to own because "taxes are too high in the country." Twelve-year-old Ellen McLaughlin of Chevy Chase, Md., took her camera to an airport to record people's arrivals, departures, reunions and leave-takings. Her key scene: the exciting homecoming of her mother from a European trip. Beana and Barbara McLoud, 7 and 9, Stillaguamish Indians, realistically portrayed life on their reservation in Yelm, Wash.

Menace and Threat. The success of "As I See It"—and of the previous *Children's Theater* productions—stems from an approach that is all too rare in children's programming: "Treat children as people," says Executive Producer George Heinemann, "and everything else will fall into line." Too many children's shows, he believes, are based on an adult's idea of what a child wants to see. They use the "age-old format of menace, threat, the chase and lots of action accompanied by noise to hold the youngsters' attention." The problem, he says, is that broadcasters of children's programs have not "grown up" with their audiences. "They still think kids are in the fairy-tale era."

During its six years on the air, *Children's Theater* has practiced what Heinemann preaches. It has talked up to children with such varied fare as a musical version of James Thurber's fantasy *Quillow and the Giant*, a dramatic adaptation of E. B. White's classic *Stuart Little* and an hour of music by the Boston Pops Orchestra. Earlier this year *Theater* presented a ballad version of *Little Women* narrated by Geraldine Page.

Lost Message. In addition to its other contributions, *Children's Theater* is attempting to fill a sub-generation gap. "There are programs for the very young children and programs for the teen-agers, but nothing in between," explains June Reig, the *Theater's* writer-director. "We're aiming particularly at the seven-to-ten crowd." The message has apparently been lost on older viewers. Recent surveys show that as much as 62% of the *Theater's* audience is adult.



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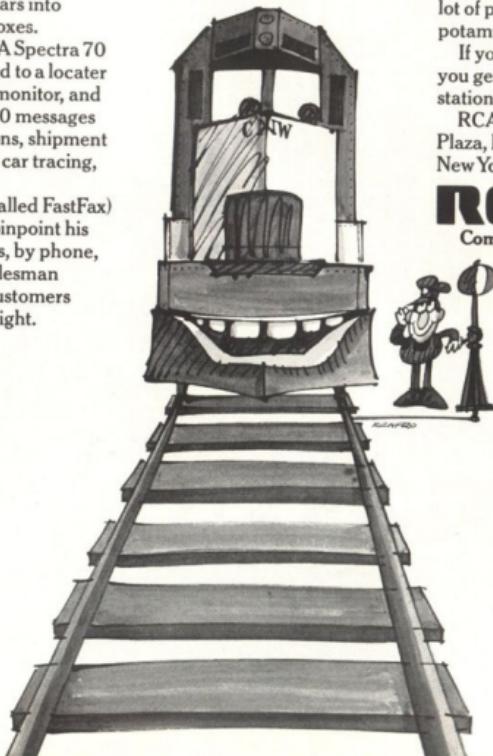
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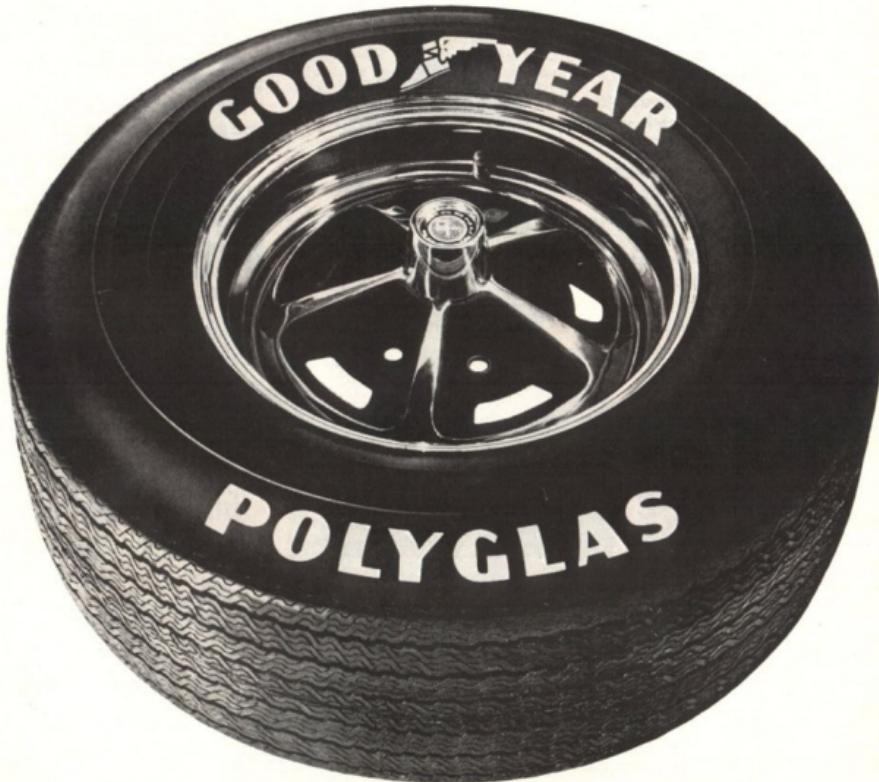
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MILESTONES

Married. Pamela Lee Agnew, 25, eldest daughter of Vice President Spiro Agnew; and Robert E. DeHaven, 25, teacher in the Maryland school system; in a Presbyterian ceremony attended by 350 guests (among them, President and Mrs. Nixon); in Towson, Md.

Died. Judy Garland, 47, mercurial grand mistress of song, whose throaty musical mixture of innocence and experience won fierce affection from her fans despite sometimes erratic performances; in London, where her body was discovered in a bathroom of her house in Chelsea. "I've been through a lot," she once explained after a tardy appearance. "We love you, Judy," the audience replied. Born Frances Gumm in Grand Rapids, Minn., to parents in vaudeville, she made her stage debut at 3 and became a national legend at 17 in the film *The Wizard of Oz* by singing of her longing to be somewhere *Over the Rainbow*. She attempted suicide in 1950 but then had wildly successful concert comebacks and won Oscar nominations for dramatic roles in *A Star Is Born* and *Judgment at Nuremberg*. She married her fifth husband, Mickey Deans, 34, a former discotheque manager, in London Mar. 15.

Died. Clint Murchison Sr., 74, epitome of the Texas wheeler-dealer and one of the world's wealthiest men; of a heart attack; in Athens, Texas. Murchison went into wildcat drilling in his 20s, borrowing and trading for new wells ("financing by finaglin'," he called it), and soon was bringing in wells at a rate of 40 a year. By 1925, at age 30, he was worth \$5,000,000, and he had hardly started. Leaping from venture to venture, merging and consolidating, he expanded into railroads, buslines and publishing until at one point he was said to control 115 companies spread from Canada to South America. Estimates of his wealth ranged up to \$600 million, but Murchison never bothered to total the figures. "Money is like manure," he once said. "When it stacks up it stinks, but when you spread it around it makes things grow."

Died. Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, 77, World War II hero and one of the great figures of British military history; of rupture of the aorta; in Slough, England. Though Montgomery was more popular, Alexander was judged by many to be the outstanding Allied general of the war. In 1940 he conducted the evacuation at Dunkirk; in 1942 he commanded the British Army's fighting retreat through the Burma jungles. Later that year, he masterminded the defeat of the Afrika Korps, and in 1944 he was appointed Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean. As Ike put it: "Alexander was the ace card in the British Empire's hand."

Fast back.



Smart front.

From any angle, the new Kodak Instamatic Reflex Camera gives you all the best things in one great camera. Up front, there's a bright, clear reflex optical system for easy viewing and focusing. A fully automatic shutter that electronically times exposures from 1/500 to 20 seconds. And the ability to interchange lenses instantly from "normal" to wide angle or telephoto.

Backing up this sophistication is cartridge loading with no threading or rewinding. Automatic film-speed setting for color slides, color snapshots, or black-and-whites. Rapid film advance. Sockets for flashcube and electronic flash.

Stop in soon at your Kodak dealer's for an exciting demonstration of the 24-hour camera that runs automatically on everything from sunlight to candlelight. Your choice of f/2.8 or ultra-fast f/1.9 lens. From less than \$200.

Price subject to change without notice.

**New Kodak Instamatic® Reflex.
The 24 hour camera.**

Kodak

The half-a-secretary isn't unusual anymore. She's turning up in more and more executive offices.

What should you do if you're to share a secretary—but still have a full day's work for her to do?

You call for help.

That's not hard, if you know what to look for. And you ought to look for Friden® automatic office machines.

They can help your half-secretary be a whole lot more help to you.

For instance, our 2340 FLEXOWRITER® automatic typing machine can see to it that your secretary never has to type the same thing twice. If you dictate a letter in the morning that you want to add something to in the afternoon, she



Friden® 2340
Automatic Typing Machine

doesn't re-type it. The machine does. Then it stops.

The girl types in your revision, the machine re-types the rest, even changing hyphens or rearranging paragraphs on its own. It's called the 2340, and it's made the ordinary electric typewriter just about obsolete. We also have

models that can be programmed to prepare sales orders, purchase orders, personnel records, whatever.

Again, the typing

is done automatically.

We can help in other areas, too. For example, if your secretary wastes



Friden® 1080 Copier

Help for the executive who has only half a secretary.





Friden* 1160 Electronic Calculator

a lot of time at one of those huge central copiers, you need our new 1080 Copier. It copies everything in crisp black and white (not white and gray) and it does it right in her own work area. The less walking she does, the more work she does, right?

If figurework is your problem, here is some desk-top convenience: our new 1160 Electronic Calculator. It's just 13 inches wide, and it's one of the most powerful machines we've ever made. It can handle the most complicated figurework without a person ever having to write down an intermediate answer or re-enter figures.



Friden* 9200 Mini Meter

Now all that figurework she never had time to check before can be done right the first time, at millisecond speed.

In the small office, our new 9200 Mini Meter gets your mail out when you want it—even the after-five letters. The Mini Meter is small, easy to use, yet costs no more a month than old-fashioned meters.

Sure, losing half a secretary hurts. But we can make it seem that she's still all yours. That's what counts.

For a demonstration of our unique office equipment, call your nearest Friden office. Or write Friden Division, The Singer Company, San Leandro, California 94577.

Friden business machines. Singer's way of taking the waste out of office work.

SINGER
FRIDEN DIVISION



BUSINESS

MONEY

Backlash Against the Bankers

Increases in interest rates have usually been tolerated as a necessary evil in the fight against inflation. Last week, after announcing the fifth rise in the prime rate since December, U.S. bankers were greeted by an uncommon backlash. Criticism of the move came not only from the perennial easy-money advocates but from other responsible sources. Their contention was that the bankers have been just too cavalier about the cost of money.

Warning from Treasury. Economist Norman Strunk, executive vice president of the United States Savings and Loan League, faulted the big banks for expanding their lending during May at an annual rate of 17%. "No wonder they ran out of money and had to raise their rate," he said. "While bank presidents have been publicly wringing their hands," added Strunk, "lending officers have been pouring gas on the inflation bonfire."

That view won official seconding from President Nixon's chief economist, Paul McCracken. He told the convention of the American Bankers Association in Copenhagen that bankers had continued "for too long making commitments to lend," when funds were obviously not going to be in limitless supply. Because of their "tardiness" in responsibly allocating credit, McCracken charged, the bankers set back the Government's timetable for slowing down inflation.

In Washington, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy sent a long-distance rebuke to some of the bankers who had been talking freely in Copenhagen about ordering still another rise in the prime rate. Kennedy defended the latest increase but told bankers that in the future they had better "find other methods to make those difficult credit-allocation decisions." The clear warning from Treasury: No more increases. Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve Board is considering telling U.S. bankers to "voluntarily" limit their loans to the tota

that they now have outstanding.

Favored Customers. In the face of the obvious need to control inflation by restricting lending, the big banks have been circumventing the Federal Reserve's credit-tightening measures. To



PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER MCCRACKEN
Gas on the bonfire.

keep favored customers happy, they have even been willing to pay more for some funds than they can get by lending them out. Abroad, the banks have paid as high as 13% to borrow and bring home Eurodollars.

The banks lend their scarce funds largely to established corporate clients, and they continue enthusiastic promotions of consumer installment loans, which are enormously profitable. They turn down requests by smaller businesses, which are hurt worst by the credit restraint. Many small merchants are having trouble financing inventories.

Eventually, the cost of money will force managers of large corporations to reconsider some marginal capital-expansion projects. After a survey of 1,000 companies, Martin Gainsbrugh, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board, reports some retrenchment in plans to spend on new plant and machinery. Between the last quarter of 1968 and the first quarter of this year, planned spending dipped by 2½% and in some industries by as much as 10%. Gainsbrugh believes that the long boom in capital spending will level off through the year, as businesses face up to a squeeze on profits and repeal of the 7% investment tax credit, and that by early 1970 such outlays may begin to contract. There is a rath-

er general belief that the economy as a whole may slow down more quickly. President Nixon last week predicted that the restraining effects of the surtax extension would begin to appear "within a matter of two to three months."

Bleeding in the Markets. Worried about tight money and the economy's future, investors continued to unload stocks last week. The Dow Jones industrial average declined another 19 points to 876. Since it reached the year's high of 969 in mid-May, the market has dropped like a stone.

How much farther can it decline? The long slide is one sign that inflationary psychology is finally being broken—or at least dented. Most analysts agree that the market is oversold. Mutual funds harbor some \$4.6 billion—or nearly 9% of their assets—in cash and 30-to-90-day Treasury bills. Brokerage houses hold about \$6 billion in uncommitted margin money. That potential purchasing power could provide a lift to the market, but investors are awaiting signs of a loosening of credit. The signs may be a long time coming. Last week Thomas O. Waage, vice president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, summed up: "Already some participants in financial markets are bleeding, and there will be more."

Negotiable Art

The bank check, that most business-like slip of paper, has suddenly become something of a piece of art. In many parts of the U.S., checks are blossoming with multicolored pictures of snow-capped mountains, cactus-studded deserts, or even doves of peace.

The idea originated in—where else?—California. San Diego's United States National Bank has long used four-color pictures of a local statue, and in 1965 officials of the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco offered checks decorated with the silhouette of a stagecoach. Check writers as far away as Laos sent in requests to open new accounts at Wells Fargo, which bears the name of the old stagecoach company. Last year the San Francisco affiliate of the Bank of Tokyo started using line drawings of pine, bamboo and plum trees. In the past month, Bank of America and Crocker-Citizens National Bank have introduced checks with four-color

BANK OF AMERICA

WILLISTON BRANCH
309 MAIN ST., WILLISTON, CALIF. 90004

PAY TO THE ORDER OF _____

CHARLES E. SMITH
MARY D. SMITH
1401 ORCHARD ROAD
WILLISTON, CALIF. 90004

1234-5678-0999-1034-5678

101

00-000
0000

10

DOLLARS

GREG WILSON
100 PROVIDENCE ROAD
ANYWHERE IN AMERICA 10000

Please pay
to the order of _____

FIRST & TRUST
Bankers & Merchants
NEW YORK

1234-5678-0999-1034-5678

201

10
00-000
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00-000
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Dollars



pictures of such California scenes as sunset over the Golden Gate Bridge, the San Diego skyline and surfing on the Pacific shores. During the first four weeks, the Bank of America received 60,000 orders for its scenic checks. Some Manhattan banks expect to offer full-color picture checks this fall.

The movement is expanding both pictorially and geographically. Check printers are turning out two-color "personality extension" checks that are supposed to give the account holder a choice of self-images: an American eagle for the patriot, cupids for the romantic, geometric patterns for orderly types. Manhattan's Irving Trust Co., Detroit's Bank of the Commonwealth and about 300 other banks now offer two-color checks decorated with hearts, psychedelic designs and even the peace symbol.

The arty checks help bankers lure customers from each other—at the customers' expense; banks generally charge a penny a check extra. Some picture checks may invite forgery, since a signature could get lost amid the busy patterns. That consideration has been overpowered, however, by the new checks' appeal to women, who are doing an increasing share of family banking, and to many people who hunger for any touch of individuality in the everyday things that they use.

BRITAIN

Down with Reforms

Only two months ago, Prime Minister Harold Wilson told the House of Commons: "The bill is an essential bill—essential to the balance of payments, essential to full employment. It is an essential component in ensuring the economic success of the government." Wilson was staking his credibility on the proposal of Mrs. Barbara Castle, the fiery Minister of Employment and Productivity, to empower the government to intervene in labor disputes. Last week, Wilson abandoned that first basic British labor reform in 60 years.

The Prime Minister capitulated after members of the Trades Union Congress voted 8,252,000 to 359,000 against the bill, which included provisions to fine wildcat strikers. Bowing before labor's overwhelming opposition, Wilson even promised to scrap penalties in any labor-reform measure for the lifetime of his government.

In return for his surrender, T.U.C. leaders promised to dampen wildcat strikes by ordering their unions to send workers back to the factories—if and when the leaders see such action justified. If the unions refuse, the T.U.C. would expel them. Irate Tory critics called the promise "a scrap of paper." Last year about 1,900 wildcat strikes stymied efforts to resuscitate Britain's economy. The penchant for sudden strikes stems largely from the fact that British labor contracts are not legally enforceable. Until they are, there will be little chance to change the landscape of labor anarchy in Britain.

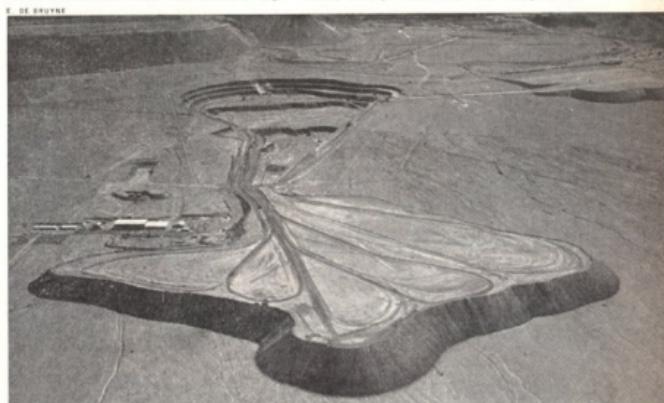
LATIN AMERICA

Clamor over Chilean Copper

U.S. business has been having more than its share of difficulties with Latin America lately. Peru expropriated the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Co., Mexico forced subsidiaries of U.S. mining companies to admit local partners, and 21 Latin American governments complained to President Nixon that U.S. business repatriates more in profits from their continent than it invests. Now Chileans are demanding majority ownership and a larger share of the profits from their huge copper industry, which is dominated by two U.S. companies—Anaconda and Kennecott. Chilean mines produced 741,000 tons of copper last year, about a sixth of the non-Communist world's total. Last week Anaconda Co., the world's big-

otica mine, which next year is expected to add 112,500 tons to Anaconda's annual 407,000-ton production, and 49% of an exploration company. Unlike Kennecott, Anaconda depends on Chile for most (61%) of its production and half of its earnings. The company reports that its profits from Chile totaled \$99 million last year, about a 17% return on its investment; the Chilean government, using different base figures, calculates that Anaconda earns 30%.

Frei seemed to have made everybody more or less happy, but he had not reckoned on price increases that resulted from rising world demand for copper. When Frei worked out his plan, copper had been averaging about 29¢ a pound; last week on the London Metal Exchange it sold for 69¢. Although the rise benefits both Chile and its U.S. partners, many Chileans are displeased.



EXCAVATED EARTH AT ANACONDA'S EXOTICA MINE
Negotiation, not legislation.

gest copper producer, started to negotiate privately in Santiago with emissaries of President Eduardo Frei. Both sides seemed likely to compromise.

Debate over Morality. Nearly five years ago, Frei was elected on a moderate platform that promised to "Chileanize" the country's copper industry, then largely U.S.-owned, and double production to move it from third place to first place in the non-Communist world. His government offered tax cuts in return for production increases and a share of the ownership. Kennecott in 1967 sold Chile 51% of its El Teniente mine and promised a large expansion of operations by 1971. Chile paid the company \$80 million and cut its taxes in half—down to 44% of its revenues. Chile also obtained a 30% interest in a company that Cerro Corp. formed to develop a new Chilean mine, which will start producing in 1971.

Anaconda, however, refused to sell a share of its Chuquicamata and El Salvador mines. The government settled for one-fourth of the company's new Ex-

Charging that fatter U.S. profits from Chilean copper are "immoral," leftists renewed their demand for outright nationalization. Other Chileans complained that Anaconda is paying for the Exotica mine out of its windfall profits rather than by investing more U.S. dollars. Although Frei is trying to strengthen his fellow Christian Democrats before the 1970 elections, he is sticking to a moderate position. This month, he demanded a 51% share of Anaconda's Chuquicamata and El Salvador mines and an increase in the company's taxes. Later, he will also seek a larger share of profits from Kennecott and Cerro.

Whipping Up Emotions. Frei wants negotiation instead of legislation; Chile is unable to run the mines on its own and depends on copper for most of its foreign exchange. Still, rightists and Communists, as well as leftists within Frei's party, are preparing nationalization bills. Their demands are whipping up public emotion and may force greater concessions from Anaconda than those the company refused in 1967.

ADVERTISING

The Black Man In the Gray Flannel Suit

*To a housewife, it's a soul cookbook,
To a brother, it's the natural look,
To a fighter, it's the main event,
To a smoker, it's a Kent.*

Most white Americans will never hear that hip version of the popular Kent jingle, which is sung by a chorus of wailing voices against a background of driving rhythm and blues music. It is beamed only over black radio stations to black audiences. P. Lorillard, the manufacturer of Kent, is one of a growing number of U.S. companies that are making a special effort to woo Negro consumers, who spend an estimated \$30 billion a year. In particular, tobacco com-

panies spend about \$100 billion a year. Because black agencies concentrate on the ghetto, he figures, they have the best experience in selling to all the poor.

Up from Bleaching Cream. Some black ad agencies are already well established. A couple of the more successful are Chicago's Vince Cullers Advertising Inc. and Manhattan's Howard Sanders Advertising & Public Relations. For 15 years, Vince Cullers got by on the fringes of advertising as a freelance artist in Chicago; it was tough for a Negro to find a job in a white agency. In the past three years, the rise of black consciousness has turned his col- or into an asset. His agency now bills an estimated \$1.5 million a year from ac-

there to sweep?" It would be difficult for a white agency to be so candid.

The largest users of Negro advertising are about 300 radio stations that spin soul music for predominantly black audiences. This market has created a need for specialists. Detroit's Carl Porter, a 28-year-old Wayne State graduate, has built up his Theme Productions by producing and selling radio commercials as well as distinctive, hard-rhythm station breaks. "We squeeze 50 tons of soul into six seconds," he says. Porter creates radio spots for Mustang Malt Liquor, Lanolin Plus Liquid, Mystery of Black Cosmetics and other products, and his billings are running at a rate of \$450,000 this year. He argues that only a black firm can "get the ear" of modern blacks, but concedes that not even he can communicate with all of them.

KEN REAGAN—CAMERA 5



MANHATTAN'S SANDERS & REYNOLDS AD



CHICAGO'S CULLERS & AFRO-SHEEN AD
Pitching to pride.

panies, department stores and cosmetics makers have all found the soul sell an effective conduit to Negro buyers. Because of the development of a separate black identity and its unique idiom, companies are turning to black advertising agencies to set the pitch.

New agencies are starting up to serve the need, though most of them bill less than \$1,000,000 annually. Last week, for example, Zebra Associates opened shop in Manhattan with an integrated staff. The agency is a partnership between Raymond League, a former account executive at J. Walter Thompson, and Joan Murray, a correspondent for Manhattan's WCBS-TV. Their biggest account is the national campaign for All-Pro Chicken, the franchising chain headed by Brady Keys, retired professional football star. Zebra's admen are not the least self-conscious about using heavy Negro dialect in their ads. Sample from an All-Pro radio commercial: "Good-lookin', don't shout. Go head on. Tell me 'bout it." League sees his agency's future in aiming ads at low-income groups of all colors, who together

counts that include Kent, Newport and True cigarettes, Wayne-Gossard Corp., and the Joe Louis Milk Co. His ads are characterized by what he calls "a pride in being black." One magazine layout for Afro-Sheen, a hair preparation that is supposed to enhance the natural, curly look, carries the headline: "A beautiful new product for a beautiful new people." That is quite a change from the wording of older ads for cosmetics intended to bleach skin and straighten hair.

The same sense of black pride is found in the slogans of Howard Sanders, a former radio executive who opened his own agency on Madison Avenue in 1966 and now bills \$1.5 million. His frank approach is illustrated by a campaign to present R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. to the black community. One picture shows a Negro in a white shirt and necktie adjusting a complex piece of laboratory equipment. The caption: "What's Franklin Weaver doing in our chemical plant if he's not

J. EDWARD BAILEY



DETROIT'S PORTER AT RECORDING STUDIO

"I doubt that we could do a commercial that would relate to a person over 40," he says. "Blacks over 40 still cut their hair short. I can't tune in on their thinking."

AUTOS

The Japanese Safety Issue

To their consternation, the Japanese have discovered that auto safety is not only a U.S. issue. A check by the New York Times with the U.S. National Highway Safety Bureau disclosed last month that the Japanese Big Two—Toyota and Nissan—had been secretly recalling defective cars sold in the U.S. Alarmed, the Japanese Diet demanded that all twelve Japanese automakers reveal the extent of engineering flaws. Public dismay grew as both the press and the national police began investigating accidents that could have been caused by defective cars.

By last week the automakers had listed approximately 2,500,000 autos as potentially defective. Although recalls have begun, 52% of those cars—or one out

Every airline promises you a great vacation. But TWA backs it up with a million dollars.

The best plans in the world don't mean a thing, without the service to make it work.

So this year, TWA has promised its people a million dollar bonus if they give you exceptional service anywhere in the U.S.A.

It's all part of our great summer vacation plan to make you happier than the other airlines, and our people are behind it one million per cent with more than just service.

We have some incredibly low Family Fares and a fantastic assortment of vacation packages for you to choose from, called TWA Adventures East and West. You'll not only be amazed with

all the things you'll be able to see and do, but at the prices you'll be able to see and do them at. And with our TWA Discount Book, the \$100 worth of coupons will save you even more money while you're there.

We're even prepared for children. On the plane we have hot dogs, hamburgers, books, games and a special stereo channel with songs and stories. For infants, there're bottle warmers, bassinettes and diapers.

You can charge the trip with your TWA Worldwide Jet Credit Card, and take up to 2 years to pay.

So bring the wife, the kids, the baby, golf clubs, water skis, TWA will handle it all, and, with pleasure. After

all, with TWA's bonus plan, the success of your vacation could mean as much to our people as it does to you.

TWA, Department 405
P.O. Box 25
Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please send me:

"TWA Adventures East."

"TWA Adventures West."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

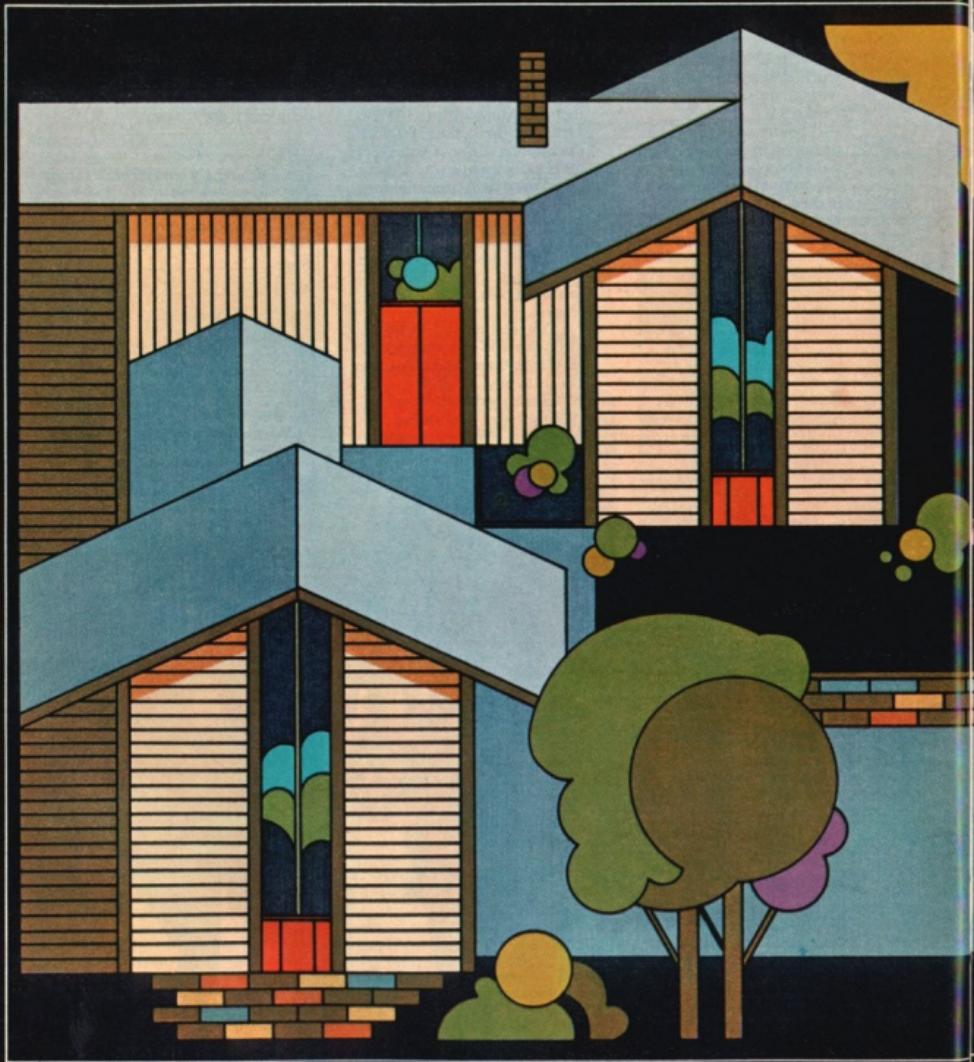
My travel agent is: _____

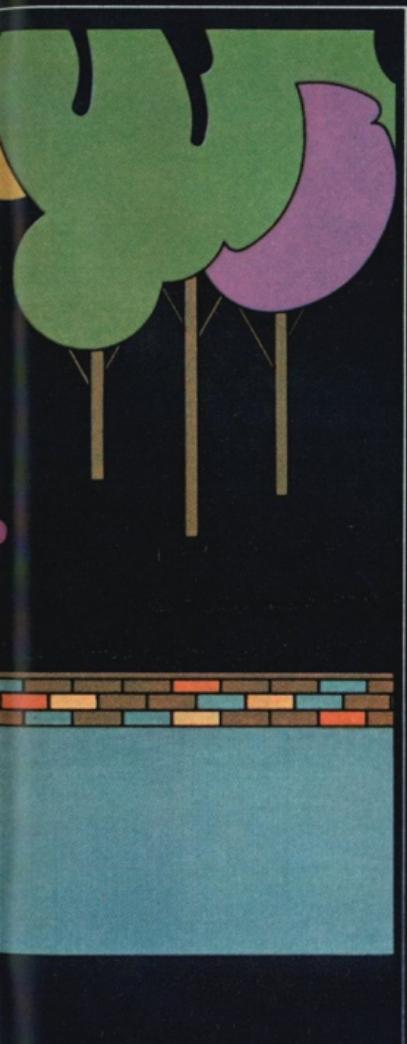
TWA

Our people make you happy.
We make them happy.



*On transcontinental non-stops.





Aluminum siding in dramatic new wood grains. It's happening now at Alcan.

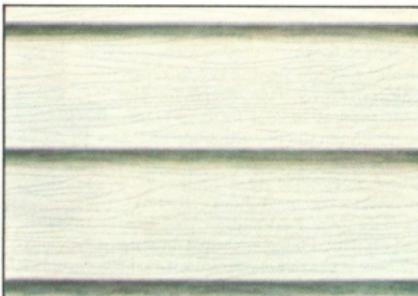
Alcan aluminum siding is the first to capture the character and warmth of wood. Which isn't too surprising, considering our Building Products Division's other siding firsts. Like patented Lok-On systems to assure proper installation. And Pollution Resistant Vinyl Dual-Coat finishes for exceptional weathering protection.

Happenings like wood grained siding are not unusual at Alcan. Others like it are taking place at our new plant in Woodbridge, New Jersey, where we design, fabricate and warehouse everything from aluminum downspouts to venetian blinds. In Warren, Ohio, where we use new tension leveling equipment and high speed coating lines to produce the finest, flattest, most colorful sheet aluminum. And at other Alcan plants from Oswego, New York, to Riverside, California.

Today, our corporate family includes 31 production facilities in 18 states, a national sales organization, and 5000 employees.

Yes, happenings take place in aluminum at Alcan. Not just here, but in 90 other Alcan Aluminum Limited companies throughout the world.

When it comes to aluminum, come to Alcan.
Alcan Aluminum Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza,
Cleveland, Ohio 44114.



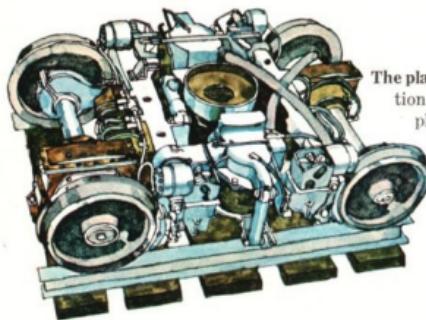
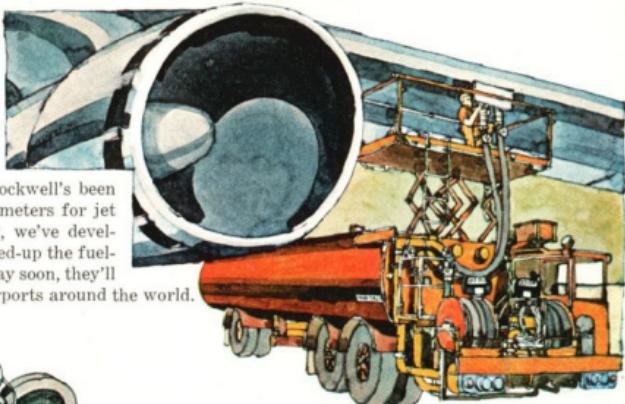
ALCAN ALUMINUM



Rockwell Reports: On refueling a jet, schedules met, and the best drill yet.

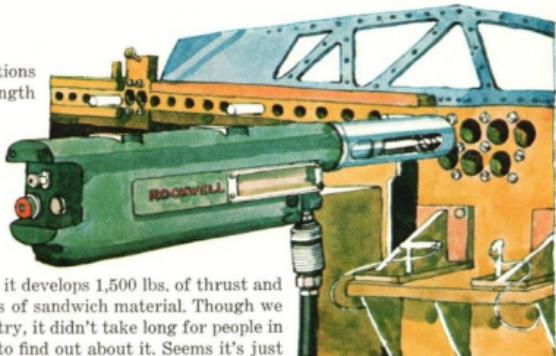
Big birds must fly.

Huge jet aircraft earn their keep in the air, not on the ground. One of the problems airlines face as their planes become bigger and faster is the time it takes to refuel. Rockwell's been supplying control valves and meters for jet fueling carts for years: now, we've developed bigger ones that will speed-up the fueling rate for jumbo-jets. One day soon, they'll be standard equipment for airports around the world.



The plane train. People heading for Cleveland's Hopkins International Airport now can hop a train to be sure of making their planes. Four thousand of them a day ride the Cleveland Transit System's new Airport Extension. And the cars ride on "trucks" made by Rockwell's LFM Division. The "truck" is the highly engineered assembly that contains the wheels and the suspension for the car. As more and more cities look to mass rail transit to take the crawl out of urban sprawl, more and more people will be riding with Rockwell.

Boring excitement. Exotic combinations of materials which give greater strength with less weight are the key to supersonic air travel. One design for the main support of a wing is a "sandwich" of aluminum, titanium and a super-alloy steel. Tough stuff! And almost impossible to machine with portable tools until Rockwell developed its new Posi-matic™ positive-feed air drill. Flange-mounted on a jig, it develops 1,500 lbs. of thrust and will bore a 1-inch hole through 4-inches of sandwich material. Though we made this drill for the aerospace industry, it didn't take long for people in other material fabricating businesses to find out about it. Seems it's just what they've been looking for, too.



Rockwell gets around. Not only in transportation, but in the energy market, construction, and industry, too. Altogether we manufacture and sell some 30 basic product lines here and abroad. If you'd like a statistically-oriented rundown on our activities, write for a copy of our Financial Fact Book: Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Dept. 403F, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

of every ten on Japan's crowded roads—are still unrepainted. In the U.S., a market that they have only lately penetrated, Japanese companies have had to call back 163,700 autos since 1966.

Toyota executives admitted that 63,000 of their 1969 Coronas are being recalled in the U.S. because of a possibly faulty seal in the brake-fluid reservoir. In Japan, 529,000 Coronas made between 1964 and 1968 have brakes that might malfunction because of rusting brake lines. Nissan executives also revealed that there are potential defects in 300,000 of their cars, including 39,000 of the 1969 Datsun exported to the U.S. Other manufacturers listed shift levers that snap off, front suspensions that can be bent by rough roads, disk brakes that are not reliable and axle assemblies that burn out.

Fear is driving buyers from the showrooms, and auto sales in Japan have slowed markedly in the past few weeks. If the trend continues, Japanese manufacturers may not realize their ambition to overtake the West Germans this year as the world's second-largest car producers. Nissan President Katsuji Kawamata concedes that the automakers have been more concerned with marketing than with safety. To ensure continued candor by the industry, the Diet is drawing up legislation to force the automakers to report defective cars and publicly recall them for repairs.

RETAILING

Magnin's Moves East

San Francisco's J. Magnin & Co. literally goes to great lengths to please women who are partial to its high fashion and unperturbed about the tall prices that go with it. For favored customers who are far from its 21 stores in the West, Magnin offers to fly a fitter, a salesperson and a collection of the latest styles anywhere in the U.S., free of charge. Such excursions often produce orders of \$25,000.

Before long, many of those trips will not be necessary: the 93-year-old specialty chain plans to go East. Negotiations are under way to acquire Bonwit Teller's present site on Chicago's North Michigan Avenue, where a Magnin's is expected to open in late 1971. Others will follow on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, in New York City's shinier suburbs and in Palm Beach, Grosse Pointe, Atlanta and other places where \$1,000 cloth coats and \$500 dresses move fast. Magnin's planners expect to increase the current \$100 million annual sales and to generate enough business to sustain Magnin's custom clothing operation—a costly field from which Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman have recently been forced to retire.

Magnin's expansionary plans have the backing of its powerful parent, Federated Department Stores, Inc., whose 97 stores include Filene's in Boston, Foley's in Houston and Bloomingdale's in New York. Federated Chairman Ralph Lazarus, 55, figures that a big acquisition program would stir up the trust-busters, so he aims to double Federated's \$1.8 billion in sales over the next decade mainly by internal growth.

Learning the Racks. Federated's West Coast subsidiary, Bullock's-Magnin Co., has expanded considerably under its president, William Keeshan, 48. The debonair brother of Actor Bob Keeshan, who plays TV's Captain Kangaroo, Bill Keeshan spent 17 years learning the

KEN ROSEN—PHOTOWEKA



WILLIAM KEESHAN
Those trips won't be necessary.

racks at Bullock's, a Southern California department-store chain; in 1963 he became head of Magnin's, a Bullock's subsidiary. He helped swing his firm's bitterly divided board in favor of Federated's takeover bid in 1964, and last year the parent company chose Keeshan to head the entire Bullock's-Magnin chain, a 31-link organization that has \$280 million in annual sales.

Keeshan maintained Magnin's charm while spreading out—he added five stores—and opening some rich new merchandising lodes. He got Magnin's into the boutique concept early on, dividing selling space into small shops devoted to Courrèges and other designers. He has not tampered with amenities like the gold-and-marble ladies' room, which makes the San Francisco store something of a tourist attraction and is duplicated in all Magnin's stores. Rival retailers take more interest in Magnin's 24-carat charge accounts, some of which run to \$30,000 a month.

FINLAND

The Student Capitalists

University students are sober, dedicated, enterprising, business-minded. Wrong? No, quite right—in Finland.

"When news from the outside world seemed to be of mayhem in the universities, we decided to do something other than riot," says Lauri Noreila, president of the student union at Helsinki's School of Economics. What he and his fellows did was organize a floating exhibition of Finnish products on a 10,000-ton ferry, then anchor it last fall beneath London's Tower Bridge. More than 100 firms participated in the "Finn-focus" exhibit, which produced \$5,000,000 in export orders.

Such projects are not unusual for Finnish students, who are more concerned about profits than protests. The three "unions" to which most of Finland's 45,000 university students belong are among the country's biggest business enterprises. Using membership dues and bank loans, the students have bought a driving school, bookstores, a book publishing company, majority interest in a fertilizer plant, and a 25% share in Amer-Tupakka, a cigarette manufacturer that has annual sales of \$11 million. The bulk of the unions' annual income of \$7,500,000 comes from their real estate, worth at least \$25 million. It consists mainly of dormitories, which the students built themselves and which they turn into tourist hotels during summer vacations.

Commando Tactics. Last week visitors were filling up the student-owned "summer hotels" and patronizing their restaurants. In Helsinki, converted dormitories provide 1,000 modern rooms for low-budget tourists, adding 70% to the city's available hotel space. Another 1,000 rooms are for rent in the provinces; single rooms go from \$3 to \$8.

The student union of Helsinki's Technical University set the pattern for student capitalism after World War II. It built dormitories, even using bricks salvaged from the rubble of the Soviet embassy, which had been hit by Russian bombers at the outset of the Russo-Finnish Winter War. Student "commandos" raised money by persuading engineering executives and 6,000 alumni to donate. Today, the union's dorms and cafeterias do a \$1,700,000-a-year business and provide temporary jobs for scores of students. Together, the three student unions have a full-time payroll of 1,000, including the hotel managers, who are picked by the elected student councils. Since the wholly student-owned enterprises pay no income tax, they can invest heavily in new ventures, chiefly additional low-cost student housing.

"The vast majority of our students understand the advantages of business activity," says Jaakko Saarinen, a 27-year-old student hotel manager. One reason is that almost all Finnish students come from families of modest means and have to start thinking early about how to earn a living.

BEHAVIOR

PRISONS

Jungle Rats

"Let's get one thing straight, baby," said the convict angrily. "I've heard a lot of talk about 'rehabilitation' from you people here, but I've never seen any in jail. I was a laborer when I came in and the only thing I've learned is how to make license plate tags. I'll go out for six months, but I'll come back, baby."

The sobering accusation, directed at a group of policemen, judges and prison officials, was only one of many made last week at an unusual "workshop on crime and correction" in Annapolis, Md.

victims in the audience sprang to their feet. Safe havens do not exist within most prison walls, one cried. "It's a jungle. Why I could get to that man three times a day because I bring food to the cells. I could dash a pot of coffee in his face . . . anything." Said another, "He'd be worse off than before. He'd be branded a rat for squealing by the whole institution."

To verify the convicts' contentions, three judges volunteered to be admitted as prisoners for a day at the nearby Maryland House of Correction. As extra guards stood by unobtrusively, they were brought through the gates in handcuffs, stripped, showered, and supplied

on system. Echoing what a lonely band of prison reformers has argued for years, one judge complained, "Calling this place a house of correction is damn nonsense." Added another: "People in institutions are living in a jungle. If something is not done, we are going to be living in a jungle on the outside too."

MARRIAGE

The Anger of Absence

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," goes a classic one-liner, "of someone else." By necessity, the U.S. armed services often separate men from their wives for a year or more. Several recent psychiatric studies indicate that for most of the marriages, absence can make a wife's heart grow gloomy, resentful, alcoholic, hypochondriacal or even suicidal well before thoughts of adultery or divorce set in. Far from making "December June," as Tennyson once put it, reunion often leads to fights or sexual frigidity.

The implications for civilian life are just beginning to be explored, but military research into the consequences of separation may eventually shed some light on the marital problems of hard-pressed executives who work evenings and weekends and jet away on frequent business trips. Such "corporate bigamists," torn by their conflicting dedications to wife and job, have become an increasing concern of management consultants and psychiatrists.

Building Belief. Depression is most likely to afflict the wives of servicemen if they think that their husband's absence is pointless. Navy Rear Admiral John M. Alfond, a personnel expert who conducted a recent one-year survey of Navy life, says that when the tone of a husband's letters about his work changes from eagerness to boredom, wives swing from resolution to discouragement. So far, no systematic study has been made on the effects of wifely miseries. New Haven Psychiatrist Houston MacIntosh found that the spouses of Air Force men, virtually all of whom volunteer for their branch of service, suffer fewer pangs than the wives of presumably less enthusiastic Army draftees. In recent months, widespread public discouragement over the Viet Nam war has begun to bother military wives. "A man will do anything, and his wife will cheerfully accept it, if there's a good reason," says another Pentagon admiral, "but if confidence in the worth of the job or activity is undermined, then trouble follows shortly."

A wife's emotional makeup is often the decisive element in aggravating the outcome of a lengthy separation. Women who lost one parent while they were children or whose parents wrangled constantly often lack "a chance to build up a belief in a benign environment," says Navy Psychiatrist Chester Pearlman. They develop severe doubts about whether people who leave them will



Sponsored by the National College of State Trial Judges and financed with a \$67,000 grant from the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the sessions were also attended by 21 convicts selected to represent a cross section of inmates in Maryland prisons. They were paid \$3 per day as "consultants" and allowed to dress in sport clothes like the other participants. Savvy and blunt, they provided another bit of vivid evidence that in most prisons society is wasting time and money on a system that is self-righteous, vindictive and ultimately ineffective (TIME Essay, March 29, 1968).

Coffee in the Face. Two convicts, asked to act out the official version of prison life in one of several psychodramas, played a newly admitted inmate and a prison counseling officer. The "prisoner" complained that other convicts had tried to assault him homosexually, and the "counselor" smoothly assured him he would be transferred to a "safer place." At that, several con-

victs in blue prison shirts and brown pants. Then they were clapped into small cells in the cacophonous main cellblock. Prison officials laid on the full treatment, later declared one white-haired judge to be suffering from "suicidal tendencies" and sent him to an isolation cell. There he was protectively stripped of his belt, shoes, glasses and pen, and was made to eat his dinner of ham and black-eyed peas from a paper plate with a plastic spoon.

Another judge failed to notice that officials had planted a knife in his bed, much as a vindictive inmate might do to retaliate against a fellow prisoner. When it was detected, the judge was hauled before disciplinary officers who were aware of his identity but coolly carried on as usual. "How can I defend myself?" he asked. "You can't," came the reply. He was sentenced to 30 days in solitary.

The judges were outraged, as were other conference participants who similarly masqueraded in the Maryland pris-

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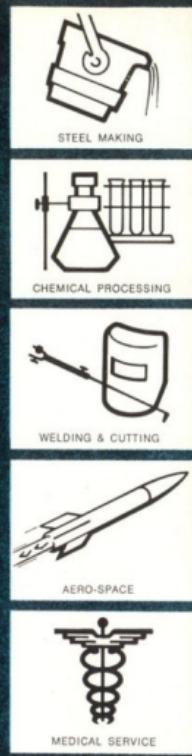
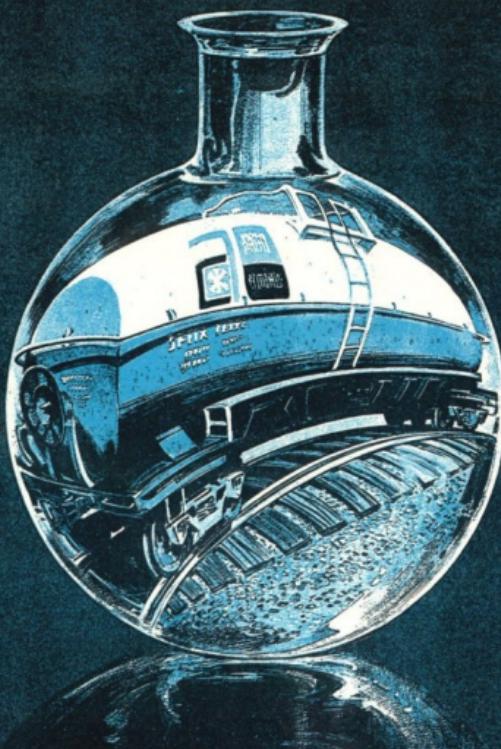
June 17, 1969

ever return and never acquire the crucial "capacity to be alone." Dr. Richard Isay, a psychiatrist at the Yale University School of Medicine who has studied wives of submarine sailors, says that extreme dependency is common in wives who never fully break from strong childhood attachments to their mothers. Such women unconsciously come to view their husbands as a source of the same security that their mothers provided and veer easily into breakdowns when their men are away.

At least one study belies the widely held idea that women with tranquil marriages cope well with separation whereas those with stormy relationships crack up. Psychiatrists at Washington's Walter Reed General Hospital observed the families of 23 Army noncommissioned officers sent abroad for average tours of 13 months. The investigators found that calm, older women, who seemed most deeply attached to their relatives or rooted to military routines, were often the most likely to give in to sadness and discouragement when their husbands left. Such wives, says Medical Corps Psychiatrist Laurence A. Cove, often seemed to try to suppress their anxieties, sometimes by escapist "thinking about how good the next assignment would be." By contrast, several "unhappy and emotionally deluded" wives developed independent activities and a new sense of self-fulfillment in their spouses' absence. Frequently they were able to give healthy vent to their anger at the military by reducing their involvement with military life and becoming more active in social and community affairs.

Love Slaves. Resenting the man they miss is a common reaction among wives with severe separation pangs. "It's a natural reaction to be angry," says Detroit Psychiatrist Emanuel Tanay. "You certainly can't feel loving toward the source of your depression." One compensation is withdrawal into the solace of pills or liquor, or into a social frenzy that produces "emotional anesthesia." Other wives retaliate—occasionally with infidelity, more often by giving their returning husbands a chilly reception. "When he's away," one submariner's wife told Dr. Isay, "there's nothing on my mind but him and getting him home. But when he comes home, I think of all the help he hasn't given me, and I get angry and moody. I just don't want him near me."

Occasionally, Navy Psychiatrist Pearlman has found wives with such a "perverse masochistic attitude" about their marriage that they go to the opposite extreme. Bottling up their anger, they convince themselves that their husbands are always right and become "love slaves, allowing themselves to be taken for granted and exploited." The accumulated tensions sometimes disperse after a good fight, and in many cases brief psychotherapy resolves the problem, but Pearlman reports that untreated hostilities can upset a household for weeks—and recur with each separation.



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Youth Movement

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Territorial Imperative

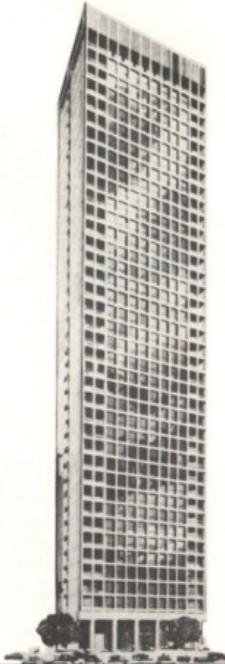
Translations have killed more classics than censorship. *The Boys of Paul Street*, by Ferenc Molnar, is a favorite throughout Europe, but the awkward English version has kept it unreadable in the U.S. for nearly half a century. This film of the 1927 novel belatedly corrects the neglect with a careful, correct adaptation.

As the 20th century disfigures a city, groups of teen-age boys skirmish over its last remaining vacant lot. A territorial imperative drives them into paramilitary gangs, complete with bugles, spears and articles of war. As is common with armies and youths, the weakest individual is the most brutalized. He is Nemecsek (Anthony Kemp), the smallest and most sensitive of the Paul Street boys, who would sacrifice anything—including his life—to gain the recognition of his classmates. His chance soon comes. Already snuffing with a severe cold, Nemecsek ventures onto the turf of the dreaded Red Shirts, gets caught and thrown into a lake. He contracts a fatal illness; burning with fever,



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he helps the Paul Street boys to victory, then is taken home to die. A week later the disputed ground itself is sentenced to death as the site of a new apartment house. The sacrifice, the armies, the war itself were only a series of absurdities.

The use of schoolboys as a microcosm is hardly new. From *The Lord of the Flies* to *Young Tom Lass* to *If . . .*, the metaphor is made and remade until it seems ready to become a staple of film culture, like the western. *The Boys of Paul Street*, a joint U.S.-Hungarian production, maintains the tradition without illuminating it. Still, its decelerated rhythms and nostalgic photography provide a rare glimpse of that era when good and evil were different colors and student protest was a whispered grievance in a corridor.

Puberty Wrongs

Adolescence is at its most self-conscious when it tries to appear nonchalant. In *Last Summer*, the director-writer team of Frank and Eleanor Perry (*David and Lisa*, *The Swimmer*) attempt a casual parable of pubertal rites and wrongs. Like their subjects, they too frequently mistake postures for performances and smartness for wisdom.

On a resort beach, a ripening, broad-beamed girl named Sandy (Barbara Hershey) befriends two teen-agers, Peter (Richard Thomas) and Dan (Bruce Davison). The boys try to study Sandy's anatomy back in the dunes, but the explorations never go beyond the halter of her bikini. As summer passes, the trio becomes a tiny tribe, with increasingly hysterical rituals of confession and conformity. Always, violence is just a dare away. The group trains a sea gull to fly on a leash; when it bites Sandy, she kills it. Rhoda, a 15-year-old newcomer, tries to enter the triangle; she also becomes a victim when the tribal sensuality erupts into rape.

In its oscillation from poignance to shock, in bits of dialogue—as when Sandy chides Peter, "If you're gonna be thinking about my breasts all the goddam time"—*Last Summer* reveals its enormous debt to J. D. Salinger. Except for one performance, that debt goes unpaid. As Rhoda, Cathy Burns is the essential outsider—burdened with a squat figure, a wounded face and the incorruptible innocence of the born victim. She is exactly the kind of kid Holden Caulfield wanted to catch in the rye.

Gothic Legend

"Credulity," Charles Lamb observed, "is the man's weakness, but the child's strength." The principal ingredient of *The Fool Killer* is false belief—in the evanescent ghosts of folklore that are part of a boy's education and a grown-up's destruction.

In the post-Civil War Midwest, a twelve-year-old orphan named George (Edward Albert) runs away from his guardians. His life takes on a Huck-

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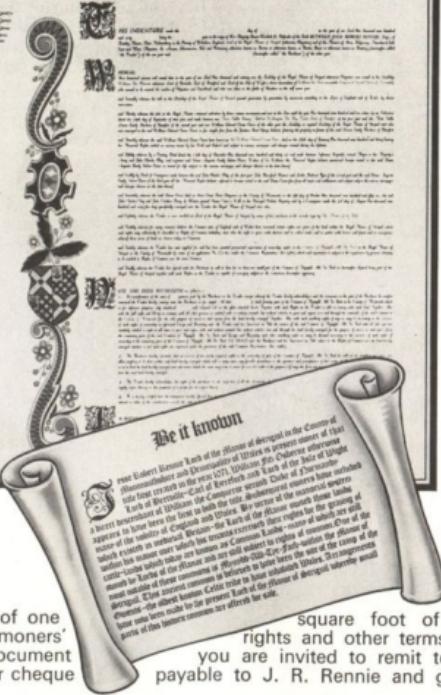
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PERKINS & ALBERT IN "KILLER"
Exploration of a vanished America.

leberry hue, and a series of encounters leads him to the beginning of maturity. His first is with Dirty Jim (Henry Hull), an unregenerate old buzzard who prattles of "a fool killer," who poleaxes wrongdoers as they sleep. The figure haunts George's dreams until he actually finds him in the person of another fugitive: Milo Bogardus (Anthony Perkins).

Other men have lost their lives in the Civil War; Milo has lost his identity. He remembers nothing that happened before his war injury. Now, fearful and gullible, he traverses the countryside, a figure as lean and dangerous as the Bowie knife he carries on his hip. When the two wanderers attend a fundamentalist camp meeting, George joins the screaming sinners who gather at the preacher's feet. The next morning the preacher is found hacked to death and Milo has vanished. George pushes on to a new town and eventually to a new home. But he knows that he has not seen the last of his friend. When Milo returns, it is as the fool killer, axe in hand, prepared to fulfill the prophecy of Dirty Jim's legend.

Technically, the film is little more than primitive art. Made in 1964, it was withheld during a five-year battle between co-producers. The slow dissolves, the gross use of filters to turn day into night, are rarely used today. Moreover, the local color is often put in by rote, as when Milo philosophizes, "Cities 'n' houses . . . come between us 'n' God," or when George addresses the camera in an arch epilogue. Yet *The Fool Killer* remains valid for two reasons. In its picturesque exploration of a naive, vanished America, it meanders into the Twain tradition of American fiction. And in its stinging exploration of God-haunted gothic territory, it demonstrates that no ethnic group has ever had an exclusive hold on guilt.

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BOOKS

Fate as Choice

ON BORROWED TIME by Leonard Mosley. 509 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

The major defeat in any war is the fact that it started in the first place. Certainly, little that occurred during World War II seems more terrible in retrospect than the blunders that led up to it—not only at Versailles but during the deadly political charade that immediately preceded 1939. Neville Chamberlain tap-tapping to Munich with his umbrella, Hitler screaming hatred from peaceful Berchtesgaden—these cliché figures still have a power to disturb that few living villains can match.

British Journalist-Novelist Leonard Mosley (*Hirohito: Emperor of Japan*; TIME, July 1, 1966) left his Berlin newspaper beat on Sept. 1, 1939, the day Hitler invaded Poland. At this remote date, he has little new to add by way of fact or interpretation to a subject summed up in his subtitle as "How World War II Began." But he is a first-rate memoirist. His service lies in reconstructing the mesmerized mood of the late 1930s, when Hitler taught those statesmen who tried to reason with him a ghastly object lesson in shattered complacency.

Among the Allied leaders, Chamberlain bears the brunt of the author's *J'accuse*. Mosley does not disagree with the political opponent who judged the Prime Minister only qualified to serve as "lord mayor of Birmingham in a bad year." In the witty image of Diplomat-Author Harold Nicolson, Chamberlain may have looked like a curate entering a pub for the first time, but he was sneaky enough, says Mosley, to trick Anthony Eden into resigning as Foreign Minister and, as late as the summer of 1939, to make fumbling secret overtures to the Germans without informing the French or even his own Foreign Office. Chamberlain's supreme stupidity was to treat his friends like enemies and his enemies like friends.

Mosley recreates a climate of helplessness. French Premier Edouard Daladier, Czechoslovakia's President Edward Benes and even Mussolini seemed as out of step with history as Chamberlain. They were obsolete men (in the McLuhan sense) when compared to an eerily turned-on Hitler. Czechoslovakia, with a modern air force and a well-trained army, put up no resistance. It was, alas, Poland that stood firm: the only trouble was, as Mosley observes, "When the Poles saber-rattled it was actually sabers they were rattling."

With near-perfect mistiming, Daladier

panicked and Chamberlain crumbled when Hitler was bluffing, as in the 1938 confrontation over the Sudetenland, which led to the Munich sellout. On the other hand, less than a month before the outbreak of World War II, Chamberlain was placidly grouse shooting in Scotland. Almost to the end, the old Tory was more indignant about radials at home than fascists abroad.

Mosley often trivializes history by reducing it, for example, to a matter of Chamberlain's gout or Hitler's bad breath. He also overplays that luxury sport of historians, the what-if game: "If a certain Virgil Titea hadn't had a large and stimulating lunch on March



CHAMBERLAIN & HITLER AT MUNICH, 1938
Ghastly lessons in shattered complacency.

16, 1939, Britain and France might not have been at war with Germany on September 3."¹

In the end, Mosley carries his argument: that history provided moments of decision, and most of the choices were flubbed—out of stupidity, cowardice and petty self-interest. Churchill's words after Munich today read flamboyant but true: "The government had to choose between shame and war. They chose shame and they will get war." Cu-

¹ Titea, Rumanian minister in London, was encouraged, probably by a Tory foreign affairs expert, to believe that his country was next on Hitler's list. This fear, passed on to Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, stirred the sullen British Cabinet to diplomatic action, which took the form of a mutual-defense pact with Poland.

riously, Hitler once pointed to the same moral—that one's character finally becomes one's destiny. When he discovered how formidable the Czech bunkers might have proved, he said: "What does it matter how strong the concrete is so long as the will is weak?"

Mosley is careful not to say that World War II could have been avoided. He is also cautious about suggesting alternative lines of action. His scenario is not what should have been done but what was done. His interest is to show that generally it was deplorable.

All public tragedies tend to become cautionary tales. Survivors of Munich have learned a lesson by heart: appeasement is a loser's game. But today, most men are not so sure as they once were of just what constitutes "appeasement"—or whether a policy of "get tough" is a winner's game either. Still, if the tactical lessons of Munich seem less and less simple to apply, its moral implications are not. The tragic events of history, so often in retrospect accepted as inevitable, were shaped by human will and wisdom—or the lack of them.

Demise of the Moderates

THE KINGS DEPART by Richard M. Watt. 604 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10.

At Versailles in 1919, the victorious Allied leaders assembled to make the world "safe for democracy." They succeeded only in making it safer for tyranny. The tragic peacemaking efforts of Georges Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson are an oft-told story. Yet their means and ends have rarely been presented in so finely detailed and lucid a book as this. The work is all the more remarkable because it was written by a 38-year-old part-time historian who doubles as an executive of a floor-materials company in Elizabeth, N.J. His only previous book: *Dare Call It Treason*, about the revolt of the French army after Verdun.

Watt's account ranges beyond Versailles to the tormented terrain under angry debate at the peace meetings—fast-changing, impoverished postwar Germany as it struggled to survive the chaos of surrender. Absorbed in private rancors, busy reshuffling peoples and national borders, the Allied statesmen paid little heed to the German scene. Historians have tended to follow their lead. Yet the obscure skirmishes for power that went on in Berlin and Munich may have done almost as much as the Versailles Treaty to shape the future course of Germany and Europe. The far left was pitted against the far right with hapless moderates caught in a dreadful crossfire.

History has often slighted such moderates, the well-meaning, badly organized Social Democrats in particular, perhaps because they ultimately proved to be the losers. Yet Watt makes a persuasive case that, given a little help from the Allies and their own countrymen, they

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might have steered Germany in the direction of a viable democracy.

They were not given much of a chance. In the despair and disorder of the surrender, mutinous soldiers and sailors swelled the ranks of bellicose far-left parties, above all one whose members were known as Spartacists. Spurred on by the example of the one-year-old Bolshevik success in Russia and supplied by Lenin with propaganda and trained agents, the Spartacists sought and expected total revolution. To achieve it, they tried to destroy all moderate reformers, early and late displaying a fatal blindness to the German right, which in the form of the Nazi party finally destroyed left and center alike.

The revolutionaries' aim in 1918 was to take over Berlin, where the police chief was an outright sympathizer and

display on his desk. The only thing he nationalized was the theater, mainly to ensure that parts would be equitably distributed among actors. When he felt his popularity slipping, he staged a spectacular at the Munich opera house, Bruno Walter, then resident conductor, led a Beethoven *Leonore Overture*. A chorus sang a hymn composed by Eisner, ending "O world, rejoice!" But when he tried to speak, the audience heckled Eisner off stage. Two months later he was shot to death by a youthful assassin who wanted to prove himself worthy of a new anti-Semitic political party. Its emblem was the swastika. Its members greeted one another with the cry "Heil!"

Stab in the Back. The Allies, Watt suggests, might have been able to prevent this vicious right-left polarization of Ger-

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



GERMAN SNIPER IN BERLIN IN 1919
Obscure skirmishes that shaped the future.

bands of sullen unemployed workers stood ready to riot. Despite warnings from the astute theorist Rosa Luxemburg that revolution was premature, the Spartacists kept urging revolt in the streets. In January 1919, they got what they asked for: an uprising. The desperate Socialists, who had done their best to cooperate with the far left, turned to the far right for help. Remnants of the Kaiser's army, informally organized into *Freikorps*, marched into Berlin, ruthlessly smashing the rebellion and executing Spartacist leaders, including Luxemburg.

"Heil!" and Farewell. The same tragic cycle occurred in Bavaria. There a relative moderate, Kurt Eisner, seized power in a bloodless coup in November 1918. A Jewish drama critic who was far from being a thoroughgoing revolutionary, Eisner forbade terrorism. He even tried to practice absolutely open politics and diplomacy; all cables and memoranda, for instance, were left on

many. Instead, by imposing a Carthaginian peace, they undercut the moderates and strengthened extremists. The Versailles Treaty ceded parts of German territory to other nations and burdened Germany with staggering reparations. Though the moderate Socialist government had no choice but to sign the treaty on Germany's behalf, it afterward came under incessant attack from the right for that "stab in the back"—the allegedly ignominious capitulation to the enemy. The Weimar Republic was already fatally weakened from its inception.

The Versailles Treaty did not even succeed in constraining Germany. The Allies developed such intense feelings of guilt about it that when, in the 1930s, Hitler began his reconquest of territory, they felt he was only redressing Germany's wrongs. Post-World War I Germany, as Watt makes clear, served as a most chilling example, very relevant today, of what happens when ruthless poli-



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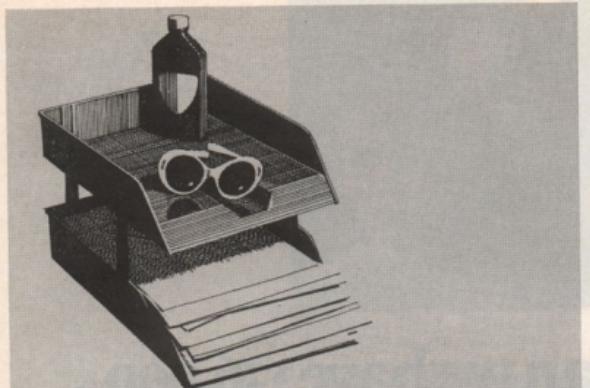
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itics are freely practiced: polarization; violence that feeds upon itself; final rule by savagery. Whether it comes from left or right makes little difference to the victims.

Watery Grave

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN by Robert Merle. 320 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$5.95. Translated from the French by Helen Weaver.

The perilously heavy burden of this thriller is that two dolphins have been taught to speak and read English. They are tricked by orgs of a U.S. intelligence agency into blowing up an American warship in order to goad the country into starting World War III. The dolphins, friendly and lovable beasts, are deeply hurt when they learn of the deception, and conclude that human beings are not worth much.

On the evidence given in the novel, this judgment of mankind is accurate. The book's human beings—except for a few dolphin-like characters necessary to the plot—are consistently sub-cetaceous in intelligence, honor, aquatic ability and sexual inventiveness. The dolphins are tip-top in every department, as Robert Merle, a French writer of some past distinction, is at pains to demonstrate, taking the departments one by one. In fact, in the very long sections of the book justly given over to praise for the dolphins' character and accomplishments, only two bits of dolphin lore escape specific mention. The first is that dolphins seem to be pompous moralizers. The second is that dolphins have not only learned to read and speak English, they have learned to write novels, although not very well.

Valley of the Dolls Salad

THE STUDIO by John Gregory Dunne. 255 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Darryl F. Zanuck seized control of 20th Century-Fox in 1962 after a lot of nasty infighting; in five years he and his son Richard turned a single-year loss of \$39.8 million into a single-year profit of \$12.5 million. Success, naturally, bred envy. And envy gave rise to tales of dirty dealing, venality and grossness. Two years ago, the company gave the run of the lot to a freelance writer, John Gregory Dunne. Dunne could attend any meeting, drop in on any set. He would learn the truth, and the truth somehow would set 20th Century-Fox free of gossip. Naturally, it didn't turn out quite that way.

Left to his own prose, Dunne is apt to say "vicissitudes" when he means "troubles." But he is a good reporter who unobtrusively sets scene after scene, constructing his book out of quotes that show the moviemakers to be innocent of cruelty or dirty dealing, but guilty (in an engagingly matter-of-fact way) of venality and grossness.

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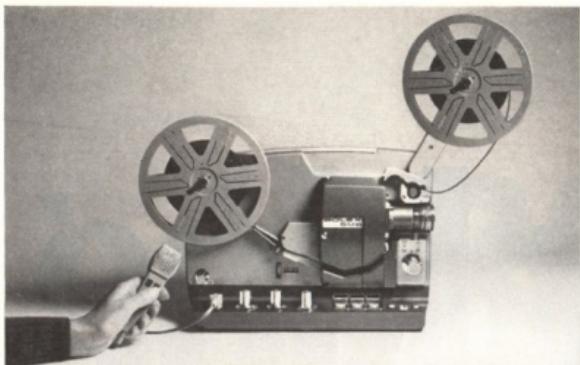
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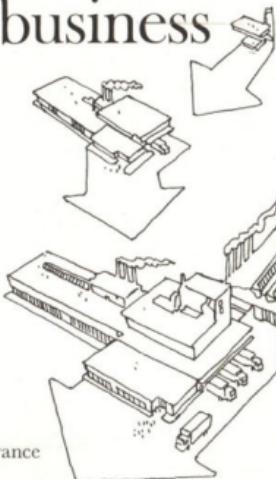
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gests the waitress), the Hollywood types are naively shocked when told they will have to pay \$2,500 for a week's display of Dr. Dolittle record albums in the windows of a Manhattan store. And how to get Rex Harrison to go to South America to plug the movie? Well, suggests one publicist, since the lobby-display pushmi-pullyus were made in Peru, "I think I can get him decorated by the Peruvian government for promoting cottage industry . . . The Condor of the Andes or something like that." Producer Arthur Jacobs asks: "Condor of the Andes first class or second class? You know Rex, he loves decorations."

In Dunne's telling, Production Chief Richard Zanuck reveals himself as tough, sometimes crass, but possessed of incredible patience. In one fabulous scene, he appears as the New Hollywood haunted by the Old Hollywood, which comes on as a fond, hapless parody of itself. Confronting him in his office are three William Morris agents and a portly director named Henry Koster, who wants to match a 1937 Koster triumph (Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski in *A Hundred Men and a Girl*) with a new musical concoction. Koster outlines the story. A touring symphony orchestra is about to return to New York to put on a charity program "for crippled children." The cymbal player comes down with a contagious disease in Moscow ("We can work out the disease later"), and the whole orchestra is quarantined—all except its Lenny Bernstein-type conductor. He rushes home but cannot find a substitute orchestra and is about to give up. Suddenly, "the president of the charity comes to plead with him against cancellation. In his arms he is carrying a small boy—with braces on his legs." Lenny hastily whips together a "youth orchestra" and carries on.

"I'm afraid it's not for us at the moment," says Zanuck smoothly. "We've got a lot of musical things on the schedule right now." After Koster and his entourage leave the office, Zanuck sits lost in thought, silently chewing on a fingernail. "Jesus," he says finally.

Exquisite Angst

CRAZY OVER HORSES by Sam Toporoff. 209 pages. Atlantic-Little Brown. \$5.75.

As an embittered horseplayer recently remarked, "If they raced rats and placed Tote machines in Madison Square Garden, they could fill the joint with suckers every night." He was getting at a basic truth about the fascination of gambling. But what clearly eluded him—and what Sam Toporoff conveys with love in this oddly winning novelistic memoir—is the peculiar delight, the exquisite angst that horses (and wagering on them) give a really dedicated race-goer.

Toporoff is now a college teacher. For years, though, horses were his Harvard and his Yale. At the age of thirteen, to help finish school, he took a

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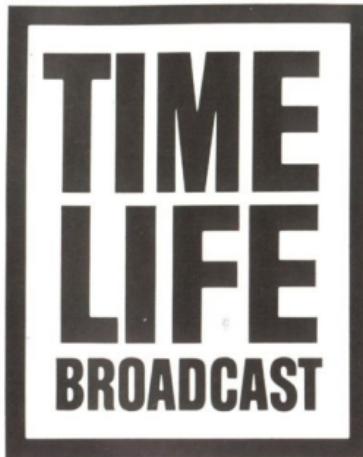
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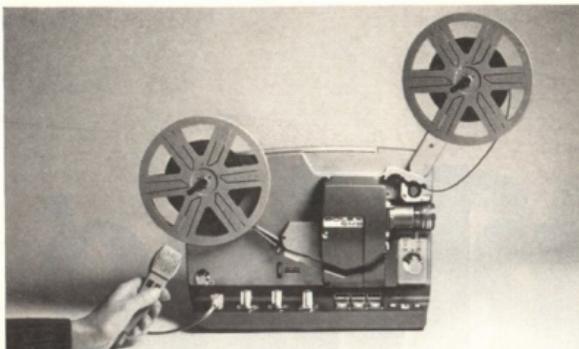
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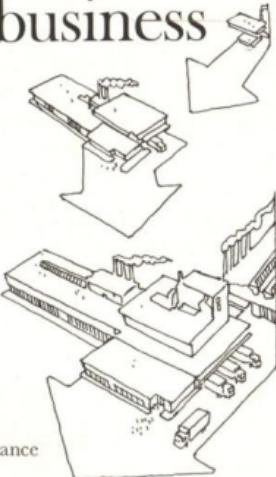
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